

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THIS number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER commences a new volume, the TWENTY-FIRST. During the past four years, it has presented to the public the most extensive, accurate, and striking pictures that were ever produced in any periodical, completely illustrating the great civil war, in all of its phases and features. It will now preserve the same enterprise and activity in other fields, and give weekly a clear epitome of the movement and spirit of the times. No event worthy of illustration will escape its ubiquitous eye, and Portraits, Sketches of Scenery, of Works of Art and Machinery, and all the thousand things and doings which diversify, interest and enliven this active age, will find an appropriate place in its pages. Every number, as heretofore, will contain apart from a continued tale of thrilling interest, one or more original stories by American authors, as also Poetry, Incidents of Travel, Adventure, Anecdote, and a careful Epitome of Current Events. It will continue to be, as an illus-

trated Family Newspaper, First in Peace, as it was First in War.

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The Horrors of Andersonville.

THE trial of Wirz, who had charge of the slaughter-pen for Union prisoners at Andersonville, in Georgia, has brought out already a mass of testimony more than confirming the most extravagant stories of rebel cruelty that reached us during the war. That the great mortality of fifteen thousand deaths out of thirty thousand prisoners, in the short space of a single year, was due to exceptional causes, no one can deny. What these causes were, sufficiently appears from the evidence now coming forward. They were overcrowding, insufficient food and water, denial of shelter and clothing, imperfect hospital accommodations, deliberate vaccination with deadly virus, and general cruelty, manifested in the

needless shooting of prisoners, in chaining, whipping and "bucking" them, and hunting them with bloodhounds. It is proved that men, some of them cripples, were shot because they asked to be permitted to go outside of the fetid den in which they were confined. Others were shot while struggling to obtain water outside of the stagnant pools, around which, with demonic ingenuity, their pen was built, and which were covered with human excrement, while the approaches to them were through morasses of maggots a foot in depth. Forests were near, but the prisoners were not allowed to go to them to cut timber for building, or wood for fuel. Dysentery, gangrene and scurvy swept away their hundreds daily, and during the cold weather, when the dead carts came round in the morning, the rotten rage that hid imperfectly the nakedness of the wretched dead, adhered to the frozen ground, while the poor emaciated corpses were torn away to be deposited in the shallow trenches, wherein our soldiers were hidden from sight. An officer testifies, that of ninety men placed in his squad, but

one was alive at the end of six months. Another swears—let there be no false delicacy in this awful matter—that he frequently saw miserable, starving wretches searching among the voidances of the sick for undigested scraps of food! A dozen men, some suffering from dysentery and loathsome diseases, were chained together, so that all were obliged to follow any one of the number, at any hour of the day or night, who was obliged to obey the demands of his distemper. The hospitals were mere dens, insufficient in size, and without beds or adequate attendance. The rebel surgeons sometimes, moved by that kindness of heart which is the rule in their profession, sought to smuggle some simple anti-scorbutic, an onion or a lemon, to their wretched patients, but it was at the risk of certain reprimand, and probable discharge if discovered. Two of these testify that from 75 to 80 per cent. of the deaths could have been averted with ordinary attention and treatment. That is to say, surgeons and physicians in the rebel service tell us, under oath, that of the 15,000 Union dead at Andersonville, at least 12,000



THE LAST GREAT WALL STREET RENAISSANCE—MR. EDWARD KETCHUM BEFORE JUDGE HOGAN, OF THE TOWNS POLICE COURT, ON A CRIMINAL CHARGE, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

would have been restored to their country and their friends, if the common and ordinary requirements of humanity had been complied with. The pen swarmed with vermin. Sergeant Boston Corbett, he, under whose avenging bullet the assassin Booth fell, avers that there were men, sick and disabled, who were literally devoured by vermin, and who might have recovered had it not been for the stings and annoyances, which drove them to madness.

Dozens of witnesses testify to the use of bloodhounds to overtake escaped prisoners, some of whom were brought in, horribly mangled by the dogs, and who afterwards died. A soldier who asked Wirz for some food, alleging he had been too ill to go for his miserable ration, was struck over the head by the brute, and so injured that he became delirious, and shortly afterwards died.

On the negro soldiers Wirz exhausted his malignity. They were cruelly flogged on the slightest pretext. The usual salutation of Wirz, who, thank God, is not of American origin, was, "You d—d Yankee sons of b—s," and, on more than one occasion, he is proved to have drawn his revolver and shot men who had the manhood to expostulate against their horrible treatment. Occasionally he diversified this congenial amusement by knocking them down with the butt of his revolver, and jumping on them, driving the heels of his boots into their wan and attenuated faces. It was no idle boast of his, that he was doing more towards "using up the Northern armies than a dozen regiments at the front."

The stench and miasma of the prison pen, and from the shallow graves of the dead, poisoned the air for miles around, and a gentleman who had been prison surgeon, endeavored to procure an injunction against it as a public pest, and only desisted when informed that further proceedings on his part would bring on his head the displeasure of the Richmond Government.

The evidence, not yet half in, against Wirz, on every allegation, of outrage, cruelty, and murder, is so clear and abundant, that the vilest Copperhead and most outrageous rebel, can offer no excuse or apology for him, except that he acted under the orders of the Confederate Government! His counsel, in fact, have adopted this plea, virtually admitting the facts in the indictments, against him. If acting as an instrument, he was a most facile and willing one. To the brutal orders of his superiors, he added all the incidents and accessories suggested by a vile and malignant nature. His name, whether or not he cheats the halter, will go down to posterity as a synonym for all that his loathsome and detestable in human nature. As illy made up in body as base in mind and detestable in character, he was the fitting tool of the most corrupt and selfish organization that ever set itself up against Government, good or bad, or ever, with whatsoever reason, appealed to the arbitration of arms.

The court before which this incarnation of fiendishness is arraigned, must decide how far he was carrying out the orders and intents, direct or implied, of his superiors, and how far he may deserve immunity on such a plea. The suborned or hired thief and assassin can hardly claim exculpation for his crimes by alleging that he was suborned or hired. His pretensions in this respect are valuable only as they may be useful, in bringing to punishment others equally guilty with himself.

That the rebel officials in Richmond did inspire the conduct of Wirz, even if they did not specifically direct it, scarcely admits of doubt. That they were cognizant of it, and made no effort to change it, is certain. The men who sent their emissaries on "detached service" to fire and spread pestilence in our cities, throw railway trains from the track, and commit murder on our frontiers from neutral territory, would not hesitate to connive at the starvation and slow murder of our prisoners in their hands. Ould, the rebel commissioner for exchange of prisoners, was not wrong in boasting that he was securing a "splendid lot of material" in the exchanged rebel soldiers, in return for such as were of "no account to anybody." His boast was but an echo and paraphrase of that of Wirz, already quoted.

We require no *ex parte* Northern evidence to show that Northern prisoners were deliberately exterminated by the rebels. The fact appears from their own avowals and boasts. On the 30th of October, 1863, the Richmond *Examiner* unblushingly recommended that "the Yankee prisoners be put where the cold weather and scant fare will thin them out, in accordance with the laws of nature."

Henry S. Foote, a Senator in the rebel Congress, has left his testimony to the effect that "there was a systematic scheme on foot for subjecting these unfortunate men [the Northern prisoners] to starvation." We quote from his letter, dated "Montreal, June 21, 1865":

"Touching the Congressional report referred to I have this to say: A month or two anterior to the date of said report I learned from a Government officer of respectability, that the prisoners of war then confined in and about Richmond were suffering severely for want of provisions. He told me further that it was manifest to him that a systematic scheme was on foot for subjecting these unfortunate men to starvation;

that the Commissary-General, Mr. Northrup (a most wicked and heartless wretch), had addressed a communication to Mr. Seddon, the Secretary of War, proposing to withhold most altogether from military prisoners then in custody, and to give them nothing but bread and vegetables, and that Mr. Seddon had endorsed the document containing this recommendation affirmatively. I learned further that by calling upon Major Ould, the commissioner for exchange of prisoners, I would be able to obtain further information upon the subject. I went to Major Ould immediately, and obtained the desired information. Being utterly unwilling to countenance such barbarity for a moment, regarding indeed the honor of the whole South as concerned in the affair, I proceeded without delay to the hall of the House of Representatives, called the attention of that strangely constituted body to the subject, and insisted upon an immediate committee of investigation."

It is a disagreeable duty to enlarge on this subject. It is humiliating to humanity that men claiming to be civilized, are capable in this age and country, of barbarism like this. Yet the evidence is direct and conclusive. The fact is equally proved and confessed.

The prison pen at Andersonville was commanded by artillery mounted at various points around it, and it appears in evidence, that Wirz threatened openly, on the occasion of Stoneman's cavalry raid into Georgia, to fire on the prisoners in case the Union general should attempt to liberate them. A similar purpose, it is well established, was entertained in Richmond under the very eyes of the rebel executive. The Libby prison, in which the Union prisoners were confined, was mined, on the occasion of Dahlgren's raid, with the intent of blowing it up in event of the raid being successful. The minor villainies practiced by Wirz sink into insignificance by the side of schemes of such magnitude and atrocity.

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It doesn't follow that, because we have taken a perilous step, we ought to retrace it. She wasn't a wise old woman who crossed a bridge, and, on being told that it was labeled "dangerous," turned, and recrossed it in all haste.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 23, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

NOTICE—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Soldiers for Office.

PLACE for the soldiers! Such is the order of the day. Soldiers for policemen; soldiers for Judges; soldiers for Congress; soldiers for Governors, and double stars for Presidents! So be it! The qualifications which enable a man to handle a division are not precisely of the sort most required in conducting a suit at law or editing a newspaper; but the people seem to think some recognition is due to our brave soldiers beyond what is expressed in the rank to which they have attained, and that their military gold may be gilded by bestowing on them the honors of peace. To make an Assemblyman of a Brigadier, or a Secretary of State of a Major-General, is rather a singular tribute to a man's capacity for constructing field works, or to his skill in "changing base." In fact, it is very like making him an LL. D., or a D. D., for that matter. The spirit of the thing is evident enough, and possibly commendable, but the sense of it is not so clear. As sublime optionists, however, we consent to accept the fact as the best thing to be, because it is!

A general is running for the governorship of Ohio on the Republican side, and a general is running on the Democratic side. Another general is running in New Jersey, with the suggestive name of Runyon—a capital name for a candidate for office, but hardly appropriate for a general. Another general is proposed for Secretary of State of New York, also with an unhappy name, whether we regard him as a warrior or a politician—Slocum. It is to the credit of these military gentlemen that none of them sought office. They must be conscious that they have been selected on account of their availability, by politicians who seek to capture votes through their military prestige. Soldiers possessing proper self-respect will hesitate in permitting themselves to be made use of by professional politicians, for partizan ends. It is given to but few men to be great in council and the field; and a soldier justly sensible of his reputation will be careful how he allows it to be dragged through the dirt of a political canvass. The proudest reflection of a soldier is that he has envied the name of one. It is a title that belongs wholly to himself, and ought not to be lent to a party, for any purpose whatever.

The indications nevertheless are, that we shall have candidates for almost every civil position, drawn from the ranks of the Union armies. No general will be safe from nomination, whether he desires it or not, and as for colonels, they will be forced in thousands to lead voters instead of volunteers. There is one satisfactory reflection in all this. It is that our officers as a whole have an experimental knowledge of the spirit and purposes of the late rebellion, and will be careful that the grand results of triumph of the nation shall not be sacrificed to sickly sentimentality, or partizan interests. They will never be so far partizan as to cease to be patriots.

We notice, with regret, that attempts are making by a few unscrupulous politicians, in various parts of the country, to make the exemption of Government securities from State and local taxation a partizan question. It is sought to be represented that the holders of these securities, who advanced their money to save the life of the nation, are a privileged class, and a kind of Government aristocracy. Such representations can only come from the basest of demagogues, and are the first advances of a party of repudiators, of whom Jeff. Davis was the first apostle. The exemption from taxation was one of the conditions on which people took up the Government loans, and one of the inducements for them to do so. It is a part of the contrast between the nation and the individual,

which no power can set aside or abrogate. Besides, Congress has no more right, under the Constitution, to allow States to tax National securities than it has to allow them to tax gold and silver coin, or legal tenders, or Government ships and cannon. The Government has the right to levy war and raise money without consulting local Legislatures. To deny them this right would be to make the Legislature of any State, or the Corporation of any City superior to the National Legislature.

The physical force of the rebellion is broken, but its spirit still lives; and our readers will find that the men who are clamoring about a bond-holding aristocracy, and who insist on taxing Government securities, in violation of the compact between borrower and lender, were all of them Southern sympathizers, if not active in the rebel ranks.

A CHATTANOOGA correspondent of the *Herald* recounts his experience with the female natives of that region:

"One of them, with whom I entered into conversation at the hotel, said: 'You wooden niggers Yankees don't understand the people if you think they are to be subjugated, and that they will submit to tyranny like a poodle pup, licking the hand that smites them. Our men treasure these things up, and when opportunity offers they will wipe out the stain of wounded honor with blood. I am a worse secessionist than ever, and only regret that I have not done more for the glorious Southern cause.' At this she pulled from her reticule a 'special pardon' for her husband, who had been a guerrilla, and an order for the release of his property. She had just returned from Washington city. Another little virago sneeringly remarked: 'You Yankees feel very proud of your victories, even by dirty Dutch and Irish hirelings and negroes, and your officers ride through our country in special trains. I hope one of them will run off the track one of these days, and send some of you to hell, where you ought to be,' and she drew a sigh of relief, and commenced dipping snuff. Another said she could smell a greasy mechanic from the North across the room, and asked me whether I was a blacksmith or brick mason. I told her I was neither. 'Well, then, I'll bet my life (how reckless they are of that commodity!) that you are a speculator, quack doctor or newspaper reporter.' I bade her good evening, and retired to dream of the beauties of Southern society."

As an offset to this, we may take Madame Le Vert's report of her reception in New York, as printed in the *Mobile Tribune*. It is dated from the Fifth Avenue Hotel:

"I find New York full of Confederate officers, many just out of prison. They are most kindly treated here. At a superb supper party given to us by Mrs. T— there were five Confederate generals—Marmaduke and Wheeler among the number—and colonels, majors and captains in profusion.

"The Confederates are dined and supped by the very men they fought against. Every one expresses the highest admiration of the Confederates, and I have not yet heard one word of bitterness against the South. Two publishers have called upon me, hearing I intended writing 'Souvenirs of the War.' They made me great offers if I will publish. I have serious thoughts of doing so. I assure you I shall do full justice to the heroic Southern soldiers. I often feel it is my duty to let the world know that the annals of all times do not hold a parallel to the self-sacrifice and heroism of the Southern soldiers. They were cured in many of their leaders, but ennobled in others. I wish you were here to enjoy this delightful hotel and these pleasant days."

We have only to add the following paragraph from the *London Times*, and the collocation is complete:

"To this very hour there remains a large loyal Northern party in the United States, which constantly asserts, in newspapers and private life, that the war was an unrighteous one—that it ought never to have been waged—that the principle of State Rights gave the South full liberty to secede—that the Constitution has been violated—and that Slavery is not abolished. A very large section of the party called Democratic, and which aspires to rule the next elections, and seems likely to do so, maintains these opinions."

GEN. SHERMAN lately attended a picnic near Lancaster, Ohio, his old home, where he thus "defined his position":

"When the rebels ventured their all in their efforts to destroy our Government, they pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to their cause—the Government accepted their wager of battle. Hence, when we conquered, we, by conquest, gained all they had: their property became ours by conquest. Thus they lost their slaves, their mules, their horses, their cotton, their all, and even their lives and personal liberty, thrown by them into the issue, were theirs only by our forbearance and clemency. By this right of conquest we own this ground we stand on to-day, conquered from the Indians, the Shawnees, I believe. The State of Ohio is ours by conquest from the French and English."

"So, soldiers, when we marched through and conquered the country of these rebels, we became owners of all they had, and I don't want you to be troubled in your consciences for taking, while on our great march, the property of conquered rebels. They forfeited their right to it; and I, being agent for the Government, to which it belonged, gave you authority to keep all the quartermasters couldn't take possession of, or didn't want."

A CALIFORNIA sculptor, named MEHARR, has nearly completed a colossal statue of President Lincoln. It is nine feet high, and stands on a pedestal ten feet in height, making a total of nineteen feet. The posture is described in a San Francisco paper as majestic and commanding; the left arm extended in front, and the hand grasping a scroll, supposed to be the Emancipation Proclamation. The right arm hangs at the side, thrown slightly back, as if the subject were speaking. Under the right foot writhes a serpent, and close by it is a broken shackle. An allegorical stump of a tree, from which grow two clasped hands, stands just behind and to the right of the figure.

The best managed railways in the world are those of Switzerland and Germany. The percentage of so-called "accidents" on them is lower than in any other country, and the civility, convenience, and comfort which the traveler experiences on them are equally exceptional. In going long journeys, the matter of dinner is frequently an important one. By dinner we do not mean the rapid gulping down of a few unadorned morsels of food, taken in a paroxysm of haste, while the conductor shouts "All aboard!" giving less time than a Christian ought to have wherein to dispose of a simple plate of soup, but a deliberate, decent meal, clean and substantial, such as a correspon-

dent of the *Tribune* describes as served on the road from Troyes to Mulhouse:

"About 4 o'clock, one of the helps of the train put his head through our car window, and asked if we would take dinner, handing us at the same time a card on which was printed in two languages, the following interesting legend: 'The express and mail trains not stopping long at Vesoul, travelers who wish to breakfast or dine, are informed that they will find at the buffet hot meals in baskets for two and a half francs. These meals are composed of three dishes, half a bottle of wine, bread and a dessert. Travelers have 30 minutes to take their meals in their cars.' At the next station our man telegraphed on to Vesoul the number of diners ordered, and when we reached that place an hour later, a waiter placed in the car five cylinder-shaped baskets in open wicker-work, like bird-cages, almost two feet high, and a foot in diameter. On the top of the basket, which was surrounded with a raised rim of an inch or so in height, was a half bottle of wine set in a hole for steadiness, with a tumbler, a great piece of bread and a snowy napkin. Now, one side of the basket opened like a door, and within it was traversed by three shelves; on the topmost shelf was a good cutlet, on the next a juicy bit of steak cut a point, on the third a plate of vegetables, and on the bottom a plate with cheese and fruit; the top served as a table. Now, apart from the comfort of eating at a digestible case when one is voyaging by express train, there were other incidental enjoyments in this long repast—it lasted some 15 miles—of which there are to be mentioned: the novelty of it, the exquisite cleanliness of it, the unique convenience of it in regard to the free and easy disposal of bones, fruit-pits, cheese rinds and other debris, by throwing them out of the window, as you must not do in town restaurants. At the next station beyond Vesoul an official came and removed the service; we lit our cigars and were happy."

There are 3,268 collieries in Great Britain and Ireland, which, for the year 1864, produced 92,787,873 tons, of which 8,800,420 tons were exported. The production of iron for the same year, was 10,064,890 tons. Of copper, 13,302 tons were produced; of lead, 91,283 tons; of zinc, 4,040 tons; of gold, 2,887 ounces; and the tin mines, though steadily worked for the long period of 2,000 years, produced more tin in 1864, than in any previous year—15,211 tons were raised, which yielded 10,108 tons of metallic tin. The gross value of all these mineral products for the year, was \$199,899,185.

CLASSICAL allusions to Jeff Davis' unclassical exhibition at the time of his capture continue to multiply. The latest brought to light is from Euripides' tragedy of "The Bacchae," written some 2,400 years ago, in which occurs the following passage, which will further illustrate the remarks that "there is nothing new," etc., and that "history repeats itself." Bacchus, speaking of Pentheus, says:

"As a mark
He stands, ye females, to our shafts exposed.
Now, Bacchus, comes thy part; nor distant thou
Avenge us on him, of his senses first
Deprive him, with light madness strike his soul;
For never in his senses would he wear
This female dress, strike him with madness then,
That he may put it on. I love him this,
To show him in this womanish attire
A jest to Thebes, for all those threats which late
He fiercely uttered."

The developments regarding the Andersonville prison now going on in Washington, give additional interest to the fact that the government has laid out a decent cemetery there, for the victims of rebel cruelty. Fifty acres of woodland have been enclosed, within which 12,500 of the Union dead have been placed, each grave marked by a neat head-board, inscribed with the name, regiment, and date of death of its occupant. Imperfections in the records of the prison prevented the identification of all the dead. The graves of such were simply marked "Union soldier, unknown."

The *Richmond Republic*, noticing the arrival of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin, Davis' Secretary of War in Havana, thus compliments the Israelite: "No one ever doubted, we presume, that Mr. Benjamin would effect a safe and even comfortable withdrawal from the ruins of the fallen edifice. He is one of those sagacious statesmen who never forget, in their solicitude for the public interests, the paramount claims of number one. It was predicted of the tribe of Benjamin, that 'in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night divide the spoil.' This has been literally fulfilled by the late Minister of Foreign Affairs. He was the master spirit of the devourers by day, and if he did not 'divide the spoil at night,' he has been grievously belied."

The *Tribune*, remarking on the absence of "first-class sensations" now-a-days, asks dolefully: "What shall we do without our winter battles—the wonderful *Herald* maps, that looked like the anatomy of the man who died of delirium tremens, as published by Temperance societies—and cost \$43,000,000!"

A FORTUITOUS attempt was recently made to find the remains of the steamer *Powabie*, lately sunk in Lake Huron. The divers explored the bottom of the lake, from eight to ten miles from the land, and at depths as great as 150 feet. They were surprised to find here trees of immense size lying promiscuously on the bottom, and to all appearance, in a petrified condition.

Among the latest and most useful inventions of the day, is the "Pocket Sewing Machine," of which our readers will find an advertisement in the appropriate column. Nothing can be neater, simpler, or more efficient, than this little worker, which is so small that it can be carried in the pocket, and so cheap as to be within the financial reach of all. It is self-feeding, self-acting, and passes over the fabric, while all other machines require the fabric to be passed through them. It is specially adapted for quilting, braiding, and embroidery.

It is said by those who quarrel with the results of Emancipation, that the negroes collect in the towns and subside on the national bounty. As a commentary on this allegation, a correspondent of the *Times* tells us that of the 947 persons receiving government rations in Chattanooga, 904 are whites and 43 negroes. Another correspondent

of the same paper says Col. S. Thomas, Superintendent of Freedmen for Mississippi, has sent to Washington a report dated August 15, which thus sums up the business in that State, where the blacks are a decided majority of the entire population, and the whites own all the property:

"The amount of rations issued to whites is about the same as that issued to freedmen. Not less than 5,000 people are cutting wood for steamers on the Mississippi river, and more people are engaged in this business than ever; but they support themselves. The total number of freedmen in the State is estimated at 346,600, of whom only 3,000 are receiving assistance from Government."

We have lately quoted some extraordinary specimens of American rhetoric, in which tropes, images, illustrations and figures of speech, each more incongruous than the other, were jostled together in wildest confusion to the utter destruction of coherence and sense. We have only to add another example of Southern oratory, from the speech of a Mr. Tenny, attorney at law, Nashville, Tenn., on the occasion of our "great national anniversary." Speaking of the duty of veneration which we owe to our fathers, this ardent son of the South admonishes us:

"We must fabricate in our hearts manes to their memory. We must drop ourselves upon the pallid margin of Seventy-six, and, emptied of prejudice, lean upon the gates, freighted as they are with cargoes of misery, wet with tears from the battlements of Canada to the batteries of Georgia. We must listen to the floating wails and lamentations of orphans and widows, of Tories and patriots, drifting through our valleys, all bloating with the gout of oriental prostitution."

SOME idea of the magnitude of the crime of infanticide in Great Britain may be obtained from the statement of Dr. Lankester, who very lately asserted in a public lecture, that in London alone there were 12,000 mothers who had murdered their children. The percentage this would give, is supposed to be largely exceeded in the manufacturing towns of the north of England.

In a map by "William Brassier, draughtsman," dated 1762, appear some data bearing on the vexed question of the aboriginal name of Lake George, erroneously supposed to have been Horicon. In this map it is designated *Cantaderioit*, or Tail of the Lake, allusive probably to its relationship with Lake Champlain. The map puts down "Cheonderago, or Three Rivers," improperly Ticonderago, and says of another historical point on Lake Champlain: "Crown Point, named by the French, Fort St. Frederick, and built by them in 1781. The Indians give that spot the name of Tek-ya-dough-niga-rigee, which signifies two points opposite each other."

GOVERNOR FLETCHER, of Missouri, lately made a speech at St. Joseph, for the benefit of those preachers who refuse to take the oath, and describes his short method with them as follows:

"I have directed an enlargement of the Penitentiary cell rooms, with the intention that men who commit crime hereafter in this State, by undertaking to decide for themselves the law, which are to be spit upon and trampled under foot, and thereby become accessories before the fact of criminal offences consequent on their advice, shall be provided with suitable quarters, in case they escape the hanging they well deserve."

GEN. GRANT improves in speech-making as he gets near home. At the reception in Dubuque he delivered himself very neatly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen—I am glad to meet you. You all know I am not accustomed to making speeches; and if I were, I could not find words to express to you my thanks for this hearty welcome."

GEN. SHERMAN says, in one of his letters on civil affairs:

"If you admit the negro to this struggle for any purpose, he has a right to stay in it for all; and when the fight is over, the hand that drops the musket cannot be denied the ballot."

MANHATTAN ISLAND, on which New York is built, is 13½ miles long, less than three miles wide at its greatest width, and has an area of 14,000 acres. On this island, or rather on about one-half of it, live and do business nearly 1,000,000 of persons. The island is divided by survey into 141,486 lots, of which less than 70,000 are built upon. There are 460 streets and places, of a total length of over 268 miles, 263 miles of water-pipes, over 100 miles of sewer, and the city is lighted by 15,000 gas lamps.

THE Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, for August, gives a very satisfactory exhibit of our finances. Total debt, \$2,757,689,571; being a net increase of but \$69,000 for the month. Legal tender notes have been withdrawn to the amount of \$1,087,000. The Treasury holds, in gold and silver, \$45,500,000; in currency, \$43,000,000.

THE official reports show a diminution in the number of deaths in this city during the year thus far, as compared with the number of last year, for the corresponding months. The returns show one singular fact: Out of every 100 children who die in this city, eighty-eight are the offspring of foreign-born parents! The resident population was pretty equally divided in 1860 (native, 429,952; foreign, 383,717); the war has told heaviest upon natives, so that now we may reckon the division to be about equal, under the ordinary divisions of the census.

A PARIS paper announces: "The American Gen. McClellan is at present in Dresden, visiting the curiosities of the city. He purposes to pursue military studies in Germany, and, especially to study the organization of the Prussian army."

THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.—"No one," says Plato, in his second *Alcibiades*, "ever pretends to make shoes without having served an apprenticeship to the business of shoe-making. Yet," says the great philosopher, "no man appears to despair of his talents in the art of government, though he has never applied his thoughts to that most difficult of all arts, till the instant in which he commences his nice and difficult operation."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company are about to establish a line of ocean steamers to run between Baltimore and Liverpool. They have already purchased four propellers for the enterprise, but design to place but two of them, the *Worcester* and *Somerset*, on the route at first.

Large fields of cotton are growing in California—over 100 acres in one field looking well. The State of California offers a bounty of \$3,000 for the first 100 acres of cotton, also \$5,000 for the first 100 bales of 500 pounds each. Over \$100,000 is given by the State for the encouragement of agriculture in the raising of various products.

Gen. Fisk reports from Nashville, Tenn.: "The desire on the part of the colored people to be educated is indeed marvelous. They literally hunger and thirst for knowledge, and in many places are themselves contributing liberally for the support of schools. At Greenville, the home of President Johnson, his colored neighbors have raised \$60 per month to pay teachers."

The city authorities of Bangor, Maine, have ordered to be placed at convenient points on the public streets large tanks, to be filled daily with pure water, and supplied with ice, for the relief of the thirsty people. They are of sufficient capacity, it is supposed, for a day's consumption.

Gen. Schenck is canvassing Ohio with reference to the next U. S. Senatorship. He declares that neither the whites nor blacks of the South are at present entitled to the privilege of voting, the former not being sufficiently loyal and the latter not sufficiently educated.

A Texas letter says: "We want not only farmers, but mechanics of all kinds. We want rough labor, skilled labor, educated labor, human labor, horse labor, and machine labor. A genial climate and productive soil invite occupation. Now is the time to come and make yourself at home."

Within the brief space of 100 days, or thereabouts, frauds and robberies by trusted financial agents have been brought to light amounting to nearly six million of dollars as follows:

Charles Winsor, Mercantile Bank	\$275,000
Alfred Townsend, New Haven Savings Bank	115,000
Smith J. Eastman, Produce Broker	500,000
Henry B. Jenkins, Phoenix Bank	300,000
P. B. Mumford, Stock Broker	130,000
Edward B. Ketchum, banker	4,500,000
Unknown, cashier	100,000
Total	\$5,920,000

The Providence *Journal* says: "We have a letter which would fill about a column, describing what the writer calls 'a sail on Neptune's briny element, where Zeus holds sway with loosened reins, and a ship over New England's Resort of Fashion,' meaning a trip to Newport on the Bay Queen, and a visit to the Beach."

Daniel Andrews, postmaster at Glencoe, Mo., who lately committed suicide, left a confession which has just been found. It says he murdered a returned Californian eight years ago, and robbed him of \$10,000. He had also murdered two of his own children, and contemplated the murder of his wife. Also, that he has robbed the mails ever since he has been postmaster.

The colored people of St. Louis contemplate holding a convention soon for the purpose of considering their new relations to society and the Government. Among other rights which they will demand is that of riding on the street railroad cars. The question of suffrage will also be discussed.

The Richmond *Whig* announces that Robert B. Lee has consented to accept the Presidency of Washington College.

The Memphis *Bulletin* relates the case of a southern female refugee, who had only one faded calico dress that she wore upon her back. A benevolent gentleman had a collection taken up for her, and realized \$15 for her benefit. She at once repaired to a dry-goods store, where she paid \$13 for a lace collar!

The last session of the Maryland Legislature appropriated \$7,000 for the purchase of a site for a cemetery on the Antietam battlefield, in which to place the remains of the men who fell in that ever memorable battle. Through the untiring energies of the trustees (especially Mr. T. A. Boult, of Washington county, Md.), 10 acres of ground have been purchased near the bridge, where Burnside's troops fought so bravely, and within eight of the house where the rebel Gen. Lee viewed the progress of the battle. The ground has been enclosed with a neat fence. The work of interring the remains in the cemetery is now in progress. There are some 7,000 or 8,000 buried on the field. Thus far 2,620 bodies have been identified, 1,704 by name, regiment and State, and 916 by their respective States.

The Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* says that the town of Winchester, in that State, was occupied by the Union and Confederate forces, successively, 76 times.

In Plattsburg, recently, the census takers found a French Canadian, aged 106 years, living in domestic felicity with his wife, eleven years younger. They have lived together 78 years.

One of the female graduates from Oberlin this year was born a slave in Washington, hired her time, bought her freedom, and prepared for college in Providence, R. I.

Maj.-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, now on duty at Boston, has consented to deliver the opening address before the members of the New York American Institute, at the approaching exhibition. The preparations made by the managers of the institute justify us in predicting a fair of unusual interest and brilliancy. Machinery of the most costly and ingenious character will be in operation, and all kinds of curious, rare and notable inventions will be on daily exhibition.

During the late war our people have spent in aid of the soldiers of the republic no less than \$212,274,348 45. This is exclusive of the government expenditures, and \$187,209,608 62 of the sum was contributed by States, counties and towns, for the aid and relief of soldiers and their families, while individuals and associations contributed for the care and comfort of the soldiers about \$26,000,000 more.

As the fall elections will soon be coming on, it should be borne in mind that, by virtue of a proclamation of the President, of March 10, issued in conformity to a law of Congress, dated March 3, 1863, all persons, duly enrolled, who went beyond the limits of the United States to avoid the draft, are prohibited from exercising the elective franchise. It will be the duty of the authorities to enforce this penalty in all cases at the coming election.

Returns to the Agricultural Department, for August, from all parts of the country, though not entirely complete, show that the corn crop will be enormously large, and is maturing in excellent order. Its excess over past years more than compensates for deficiencies in wheat. The potato crop is unusually large and promises well. In some localities the rot has appeared. Buckwheat, though a minor crop, and onions promise an unprecedented yield. The cereal exportations will probably be larger than ever before.

The census returns for 1860 represent 8,777 manufacturing establishments in the Pacific States of California and Oregon in that year, with an invested capital of \$23,350,334, paying for raw material consumed \$28,485,626, employing 50,737 male and 67 female hands, paying for labor \$29,037,545, and producing annually goods amounting in value to \$71,229,989; \$44,927,333 of which were the products of gold mining.

The Toronto *Globe* publishes an abstract of the report of Mr. Torrance, the commissioner appointed to inquire into the conduct of the notorious Justice Counsel, the confederate of the St. Alban's robbers. Mr. Torrance examines Counsel and Lamothé of corrupt and improper motives. He, however, recommends that Counsel should be indicted for malfeasance of office.

There are now in existence no less than fourteen hundred and fifty-seven coin companies, with a total capital of eight hundred and sixty-nine million five hundred and ninety-four thousand dollars.

The potato rot is more widely spread in Ohio this season than ever before. It is also said that the crop is likely to prove an entire failure in portions of Northern Illinois. The tops have been beaten down and killed by the rains, and the tubers are covered with white specks, which develop into the rot.

The following is the valuation of Providence: Real estate, \$39,479,500; personal estate, \$41,084,800. Total, \$80,564,300. The tax is \$769,584 13, or ninety-eight cents on each hundred dollars.

Brigadier-General Marcellus M. Crocker, who has just died in Washington, was about thirty-six years old. He entered the service in 1861 as colonel of the 13th Iowa Volunteers. He took part in the campaign against Forts Henry and Donelson, and fought at Shiloh, at Corinth and Iuka. He commanded the Fourth Division of the Seventeenth Army Corps in the campaign against Vicksburg. He afterwards was in command of the district of Naiches.

Foreign.—A new degree, that of "Doctor of Literature," has been instituted by the Senate of the University of London, with the approval of the Government.

The recently opened Exposition of Fine Arts applied to Industry, at the Palace in the Champs Elysees, Paris, does not include any merely ornamental works of art, but its object is to display and encourage the application of the fine arts to the embellishment of the common objects used in everyday life, and which might, as far as mere utility is concerned, be made perfectly plain—furniture, doors, windows, glass, hangings, lace, &c., things that fit up houses or are worn upon the person, or are in other ways necessary or useful.

The Great Eastern safely arrived at Sheerness on August 20. On the next day, the several boards of the companies interested in the Atlantic Telegraph Cable held meetings to consider their position under the temporary disappointment which has occurred. It was resolved to take immediate and energetic action not only to complete during next spring the laying of the present cable, but to submerge another by its side.

The present British Cabinet consists of 15 members, of whom the oldest is Lord Palmerston, who is 81 years of age, the youngest Earl De Grey, who is only 38. The sum of the ages of the 15 is 907, or an average of about 60½ each. Earl De Grey is the only one under 40 years of age. Between 40 and 50 there is only the Duke of Argyll, who is 42. Earl Granville is exactly 50, and between that age and 60 there are three—namely, Mr. Cardwell, 52; Mr. Gladstone, 56; and Mr. Gibson, 58. Between 60 and 70 we find much the greater number—in fact six, or nearly half the Cabinet. These are the Duke of Somerset, 61; Mr. Villiers, 62; Lord Stanley of Alderley, 63; Sir Charles Wood and Lord Charendon, 65; and Sir George Grey, 66. Above 70 and under 80 there are two, Earl Russell, 73, and Lord Chancellor (Lord Cairns), 75. Lord Palmerston alone enjoys the distinction of being an octogenarian.

The Canadian public debt exceeds \$75,000,000; more than three-fourths of which, strange to say, has been incurred within the past 10 years. Political affairs in the provinces are represented as in a very "lick-shab" condition.

A young woman in South Eastern England, had a difficulty with her lover, and resolved on suicide by jumping from a precipice 600 feet into the sea. She caught by the crinoline in a tree, and was unable to disengage herself. Finally, after hanging all day, her lover found and rescued her: after which the difficulty was adjusted.

A French editor has given the following sensible description of the effect of an advertisement: The first time a man sees an advertisement he takes no notice of it; the second time he looks at the name; the third time he looks at the price; the fourth time he reads it; the fifth time he speaks of it to his wife; the sixth time he buys.

A giant has appeared in Nagpore, in Siam. He is seven feet four inches in height, and of enormous amplitude of chest. As regards the lower extremities, however, he is very ill-proportioned, having comparatively spindle shanks. When first he entered the city he was mobbed. An immense crowd, consisting of men, women, and children, gathered round him and stared him for an interminable time. But, luckily for him, somebody having discovered five mysterious marks on the crown of his head, announced that he was a god, and thereupon the fickle and superstitious populace immediately prostrated themselves before him, and actually worshipped him as a divine being! When he was at Kamptee, all the Marwarree women paid him divine honors, and literally adored him.

A Tse-ping chief, commonly known as the "Mr. Wang," had taken refuge in the island of Hong Kong, but was demanded by the Chinese government, and given up to them by the British authorities. The unfortunate prisoner was taken to the execution ground in Canton, and there tied to a cross, and slowly cut to pieces, the flesh above his eyes and cheeks being first removed, then strips of flesh cut from his body, and finally his heart was cut out, and the head was then severed from the lifeless body.

The Paris *Moniteur* states that a swimmer, having made a bet of five hundred francs with Count S. that he would swim in the Seine for ten minutes holding a book all the while in both hands and reading out loud, gained his wager; a considerable crowd of boats being collected in the river, filled with persons anxious to see the feat.

Professor Aytoun, of Edinburgh, died on Friday morning, the 4th of August. Mr. Aytoun was a member of the Scottish bar, and sheriff of the Orkneys, but was known rather as a man of letters than as a lawyer. His reputation as a poet will probably rest on his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," but there were also good passages in "Bothwell." In the "Bon Gaultier Ballade," which he wrote in association with Mr. Theodore Martin, and in "Firmilian," a burlesque on the spasmodic school of poetry, Professor Aytoun showed his powers as a humorist in verse. He also contributed numerous articles, stories, and sketches to *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which he was erroneously supposed to be editor. He occupied the chair of rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, and was fifty-two years of age.

The latter of the Prince of Wales has published a book upon hats, in which he finds fault with Sir Edward Landseer's portrait of the Prince Consort. The latter says: "Had the hat luckily been placed just an inch more horizontally, the crown would have displayed my name as 'Hatter to his Royal Highness,' and thus rendered me an incalculable service, without prejudicing the picture in the least degree. But fate, or the artist's fancy, decreed otherwise."

The London papers tell of a "medium" who holds sances in Fleet street, and on account of the noisy traffic in that mighty thoroughfare, begins proceedings with the solemn adjuration, "Spirits! be requested to rap up loud, 'cos o' the 'buses.'"

Among the latest improvements commenced in Paris are sixty new candelabras now being fixed on the Place de la Concorde, which will increase the number by which that place is lighted to 120. The number of the candelabras by which the grand avenue of the Champs Elysees is lighted is likewise to be doubled.

The London railway companies have resolved to give up collecting and delivering parcels on Sunday, making an exception in favor of fish.

The cotton crop will be almost an entire failure throughout West Tennessee. The rust is destroying it as fast as it matures. The yield in the western part of the state, where cotton grows the best, will not be over two hundred pounds to the acre.

A French peasant has been sentenced to three months imprisonment for obtaining money by pretending that he had extraordinary influence with the saints, and could secure farm produce from injury by hail-storms, and obtain other benefits for his votaries.

It is said that the largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Rajah of Malan, in the island of Borneo. It is the size of a large hen's egg. The Governor of Batavia has offered him two large brig-of-war, fully equipped and armed, and a sum of £150,000 for it, but the Rajah has said no.

DOUBLE MURDER AND SUICIDE AT SOUTH DEDHAM, MASS.—From Sketches by R. D. Wilkie.

THE DEDHAM TRAGEDY.

In these days of tragedy, when crime stalks abroad with almost unbridled license, the ear is not so much astounded by the announcement of murder as in former days, when the details of slaughter were unfrequent to the ear. The Dedham, Mass., tragedy, however, is one of more than ordinary horror, being, as it was, the work of an insane woman, who, infuriated by jealousy, killed her husband and child, and then plunged her own soul into eternity by committing suicide. The victims were Dr. Carlos Marston, and Cora Marston, his daughter, and the murderess was Mrs. Susan Marston, his wife. The circumstances, as related by Miss May, one of the principal witnesses at the Coroner's inquest, are as follows:

She says that about two o'clock she was awakened by a noise which seemed to her like scuffling and a fall overhead. She presently heard the report of a pistol, and comprehending the condition of affairs at once, she immediately arose, and crossing one or two apartments passed to the foot of the stairs in the front entry. Here, being afraid to go up stairs, she called loudly two or three times to the doctor, but from him she received no response, for at that time he was probably still in death. Mrs. Marston, however, appeared at the head of the stairs without a light, and in a firm, calm tone, which seemed to indicate method in her madness, ordered Miss May to go to her room and remain quiet under penalty of having her brains blown out. The



DR. CARLOS MARSTON'S RESIDENCE AT DEDHAM, MASS.

on them, as were shown on the dynamometer to be very high, but not near breaking point. At last up came the cable and wire rope slacking together on the V wheel in the bow. They were wound round on it, slowly, and were passing over the wheel together, the first damaged part being on board, when a jar was given to the dynamometer which flew up from 60 cwt., the highest point marked, with a sudden jerk $3\frac{1}{2}$ inch. In fact, the chain shackle and wire rope clambered, as it were, up out of the groove on the right hand side of the of the wheel, got on the top of the rim of the V wheel, and rushed down with a crash on the smaller wheel, giving no doubt, a severe shock to the cable to which it was attached. The machinery was still in motion, the cable and the rope traveled off together, the one towards the capstan, the other towards the drum, when just as the cable reached the dynamometer it parted 30 feet from the bow, and with one bound leaped, as it were, into the sea.

"It is not possible," continues Mr. Russell, "for any words to portray the dismay with which the sight was witnessed, and the news heard. It was enough to move one to tears, and when a man came aft with the inner end still lashed to the chain, and we saw the tortured strands, torn wires, and lacerated core, it is no exaggeration to say, that a strange feeling of pity, as though from some sentient creature mutilated and dragged asunder by brutal force, passed through the hearts of all. The precise spot where this accident



THE REDCHAMBER OF DR. MARSTON—POSITIONS OF THE BODIES OF MR. AND MRS. MARSTON WHEN FOUND BY MISS MAY, MRS. HAWTHORNE AND THE NEIGHBORS.

frightened girl could but obey, and after hastily throwing on her clothing she went out in quest of help.

Arriving with several neighbors to whom she had given the alarm, the party proceeded up stairs to the room occupied by Dr. Marston, and found him dead, lying beside his wife, who was also a corpse. In an adjoining apartment they found the little girl, who died almost immediately after being discovered.

Mrs. Marston had been for many years thought insane, and her house had been avoided by her friends for sometime previous to the tragedy, on account of her strange conduct. The murders were committed by the administration of chloroform, and the use of a pistol. The case is still under investigation.

THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

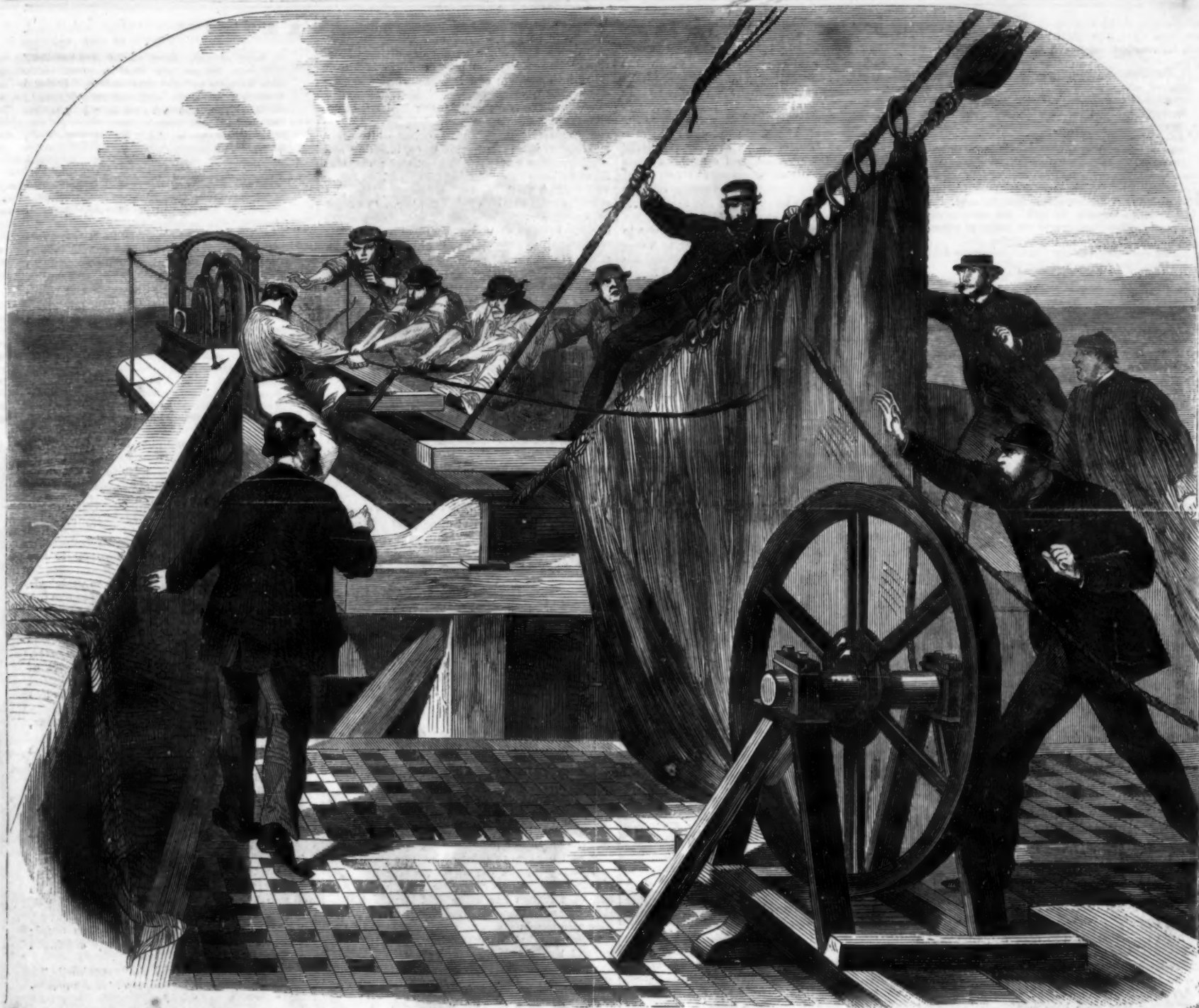
We transfer to our paper to-day Mr. Dudley's sketch of that "sad and memorable" minute when the hopes of two worlds were "snapt" like the slender cable on which those hopes hung. In his diary of the 2d of July, the day of the disaster, Mr. Russell says: "The cable and wire rope together were now coming in over the bows in the groove in the layer wheel, the cable being wound upon a drum behind by the machinery which was once more in motion, and the wire rope being taken in round the capstan. But the rope and the cable were not coming up in a right line, but were hauled in with a great strain



CORA MARSTON'S APARTMENT—THE APPEARANCE OF THE BODY UPON ENTERING THE ROOM IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MURDER.

occurred was lat. 51. 25; long. 39. 6; 1,186 miles of cable had been paid out; distance from Valentia, 1,062 miles; and from Hearts Content, 606 miles."

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart, do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post mortem examination; in these cases, only two were found who had died from the disease of the heart. Nine out of 66 had died from apoplexy, while there were 46 cases of congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labor or a rapid walk; going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressive news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden deaths being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable, hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.



THE BREAKING OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE FAIRY MORGANA.

BY ROSENBERG.

I
THE Fairy Morgana sleeps under an oak,
Which was riven in twain by the storm's red stroke;
The Sun wakes to laugh, and the Cloud comes to weep,
Nor the drop, nor the beam, stir her magic sleep.



II.
On her cheek has the theft of the East-wind shed,
Leaf by leaf, from the rose, yet they blushed less red,
Less white on her bosom that panted below,
Did the North wind let fall the flake of the snow.

III.
But not for the fall of the leaf, nor the flake,
Did the Fairy Morgana arouse or awake:
The seasons may change, yet the lid folds her eye,
As the lily-buds hide their young hearts from the sky.

IV.
The Fairy had wept over each broken dream
Her fancy had painted on cloud or on beam,
And there must she sleep, till a joy without pain
Bids the blue of her eye to waken again.

V.
The Lover went by in the youth of his bliss,
He bent him the Fairy Morgana to kiss;
The Fairy, she murmured, and turned her around,
A thorn on the bloom of his lip she found.

VI.
The Monarch, he paused by the bolt-riven tree,
And his royal lip touched her right tenderly;
The Fairy Morgana, she uttered a moan,
The nettle had stung her that grows by the throne.

VII.
The Soldier drew nigh, and he slackened his rein
As he paused on his road from the battle-plain;
But scarce had he bent him, than loudly she cried,
The point of his dagger had entered her side.

VIII.
The Poet beheld her, and laid by his lyre,
As he pressed her warm cheek with his lip of fire;
The Fairy Morgana, she shrank when he knelt,
In the flame of his breath, the fever she felt.

IX.
In blushes and wonder, the Maiden went by,
And gazed on the Fairy with marveling eye,
But ere she might kiss her, she turned her away;
Girl's hopes have their twilight as well as their day.

X.
The Courtier bent o'er her, with soul full of guile,
A lie on his lip, on his cheek was a smile;
But fierce was the Fairy Morgana's quick start,
The barb of his lie had passed into her heart.

XI.
The Bond-slave, he tarried, and longed to draw nigh,
Yet, in silence and shame, he sadly went by;
She shuddered in slumber, and turned her again,
She heard, as he passed her, the clank of his chain.

XII.
The Bigot gazed down through the emerald leaf,
And sharp was the pang of her soul-tearing grief;
To the slumbering Fairy, his secret was known,
She felt that the heart in his bosom was stone.

XIII.
And many went by her, but ever she slept,
While the tears in her sleep through her eyelids crept,
Till the rattling footsteps of grim Death came by,
Then the Fairy awoke, but she woke to die.

A TALE TOLD BY A TEA-KETTLE.

Of course I am only an old, black tea-kettle, and you will think it very silly of me to attempt to speak, yet I can tell you a tea-kettle is not such a very stupid thing after all.

I am of the advanced age of fifty years, and it is likely that in my day I have seen much. When no one supposed, I was quietly making observations on people and things around me, and while,

to all appearances, only stupidly steaming away, I was in reality laying up a store of interesting things, which I could reflect upon at my leisure. For you see I never intended to speak, only that this very day I overheard the gossiping, open-mouthed frying-pan say to her old-maidish friend the griddle, that I was a poky, good-for-nothing, old thing, that kept up a puffing and breathing like the grandmother who lived in days gone by. I don't like such disparaging remarks, and I much disapprove of the frying-pan, who is constantly



THE PARTING AT THE GARDEN GATE.

spluttering about something, and often neglects her duty. Yes, she often neglects her duty, for only last week, I overheard Jane, the cook, saying to her, "Drat you, you will burn my fish!"

Also, the frying-pan says my temper is furious, that she has known me to boil over any number of times a day. I do admit I am given to ebullition, it is in our family; but I never give way to it if I can help it. I fully know my weaknesses as a tea-kettle, but at the same time hope I understand my duty—which is more than some, whom I could mention, do. Thus I came to speak of some of the incidents which have occurred during my past life, and which I still hold in vivid remembrance.

Fifty years seem a long time back, and things are greatly altered since 1815. I know if I enter into any length of talk on the changes which have taken place, I will be set down as an old fogey, therefore I pass on without comment.

The old stone house at Hazeldon must have been at least fifty years old when I went to it. At that time it was looked upon as a model of comfort and beauty, though now-a-days people would only laugh at it as a dull, ugly, inconvenient old place. It was not a very high house, though rather deep and wide, and seemed to me to have an infinite number of rooms, and odd nooks, and deep closets. There was an inner and an outer kitchen, and as the kitchen was my domain, I will confine myself to a brief description of these. The outer kitchen was tiled and used only for working in, or to accommodate the laborers employed about the farm. The inner, or great kitchen, as it was called, was floored with oak, spacious and comfortable, and served as a household room. In the evening, when the family gathered, I thought it had a particularly pleasant look; the light from the great log-fire striking upwards to the oak rafters, or falling redly upon the group assembled. At the time from which I date this story, the family was small, consisting of Mistress Treast, or the mistress, as I shall call her, Agnes and Deb.

It was said the mistress had once had a large circle round her fireside—boys and girls, handsome and gay, grew up only to pass away. One, a daughter, had been urged by her mother to a marriage for which she had no inclination, and which broke her heart, sending her to join her young brothers and sisters where they quietly lay at rest. The only remaining child, a son, had gone to Boston to be a merchant. Master Richard was as unlike his mother as he could possibly be, and I did not wonder at her pride in him, for to me he was a noble specimen of a man. People hinted that the mistress had never been tender as a mother, and especially after her daughter's sad fate, she was much spoken of; but to Master Richard she showed only the fondest devotion.

Naturally she had a cold, severe manner, which did not yield to any surrounding circumstances, nor decrease with long acquaintance; and she exercised rather a chilling influence upon all about her. She was called proud, too, and was more or less avoided by many on this account.

Agnes was a young orphan whom the mistress had been prevailed upon to adopt. I think she was the fairest creature I ever saw; she was only sixteen when she came to us, slender and graceful, and wearing her golden hair about her as a light, reminding me of a lily standing in the sunshine. Her eyes were blue as rifts in summer sky, and she had wonderful beauty of feature and expression. The house had seemed rather dark and still till Agnes came, when her presence brightened it as if an angel had passed in at the door.

Deb was an old servant; she had lived in the Treast family many years, and was an acknowledged character in the family and neighborhood. She was tall and straight—straight to stiffness—and she did not seem to have a pick of flesh on her bones, she was so thin. She had no eyes to speak of, while her nose and mouth were large—the former long and thin, and the latter wide and grim. A little bit of light-colored hair was drawn tightly up to the top of her head, where it was secured by an enormous tortoise-shell comb, which reminded me of the back of the rocking-chair in the best room. The hair was so scant, and the comb so formidable, that the effect was ludicrous. Deb's hands and feet were big and bony, and she had a sweep of arm that commanded reach of everything. She always wore a dark stuff dress, short and narrow; the skirt pinned up to the waist, displaying her black quilted petticoat. Low shoes, and blue home-knit stockings completed her attire. Deb never seemed to grow older, and no one knew what her age might be; and she had a sort of toughness, and power of endurance that I never saw in any other creature. Her way in the house was absolute, and even the mistress did not interfere with her. In character she was an odd combination, or rather contradiction; she was as soft as she appeared hard, as kind as she appeared curt, and as interested as she appeared indifferent. In a word, she was like a tortoise—a very tender thing, only wearing a hard exterior. I think she would have died, rather than be seen to laugh or cry—though I have known her to do both, when at night, after the family had retired, she sat by the fire, as was her usual habit. The work over and the day done, with the world all withdrawn from about her, this strange being appeared in her true light; all the hardness melted; her hands, which had held the reins firmly all day, would drop gently upon her knees, while every emotion of her heart came out to play upon her face, changing it so from its ordinary look, that one could but wonder.

I liked these quiet hours with Deb, when she was revealed the woman I knew her to be, and not what she was commonly judged. I had respect for her lonely evening moods, and never disturbed them, not even by singing softly, though night was my best time for this particular practice.

I was interested to know how Deb would take the appearance of Agnes in the house, and at first I rather trembled for the poor little thing, fearing she would intimidate her by her sharp manner;

but though Deb did not relax a bit, I was relieved to see that Agnes no more minded her than if she had been quite meek. Indeed, I think her abruptness rather pleased her, for she soon found that she would say one thing and mean another; while if the mistress said anything, you might be sure she meant just that and not anything else. Deb might flout and contradict Agnes as much as she chose, and she only laughed; but when the mistress reproved her, or spoke sharply, she would look pale and frightened, and sometimes burst into tears. And the strangest part of it was, that she always took refuge with Deb after any of these occasions, though I never could see that she received a particle of comfort from her.

The mistress used to spin—for spinning was to ladies in those days what piano-playing is now—and to my mind it is the most beautiful and musical of the two. And at first it was supposed Agnes would learn, as all young girls did; but dear me, you might as well have set a butterfly to turn a wheel as Agnes. She did, to be sure, make the trial, and a very pretty one it was—that is, she was very charming over it, though it was only a succession of absurd blunders. Deb looked on in grim silence, and one would have thought she gloried in the poor child's perplexity and failure, and so, in reality, I believe she did, for I think she hated to see anything so bright and pure, set down to that which to Agnes could never be anything but drudgery. But the mistress showed great displeasure when she found all her efforts at teaching Agnes in vain, and at the last, read her a lecture upon her idle habits.

I could not see things in the light in which my mistress viewed them; for instance, this affair of Agnes's failure in learning to spin, gave me no concern, on the contrary, I thought with Deb—the child was best as nature had intended her, and it has always occurred to me we are too apt to judge others by ourselves, and to think none are good or useful who do not measure up to our standard. I once heard one say this, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Whether it was their own expression, or whether it was borrowed from a book, I cannot say, for my knowledge is necessarily limited; but I thought it most beautiful, and when I applied it to the life of our Agnes, I knew it to be true, for the dear child was exercising an influence on all around her. Her mere presence seemed to create a soft and beautiful atmosphere, reminding one of saints and the mansions where they be; while her actions, so spontaneous, so child-like and loving, served as an example to every one. It was Christ's divine bearing, His meekness, His patience, His love and gentleness as much as His works, which won souls and accomplished His mission on earth.

So Agnes's little wheel was set aside, for it was only too evident she could make nothing of it; and she was once more free to flit about the house and garden, singing with her sweetest voice. I am very fond of singing, as a family the tea-kettles are all musical, and I was considered quite accomplished; but I never yet heard any melody equal to Agnes's voice. It was exquisitely sweet, but touched with sadness; and the words were always of a quaint, touching kind, that moved the heart. When she would be singing in the garden, or upstairs, I have seen Deb stand still to listen, with an odd twitching about the corners of her mouth, and a softened look in her eye. As I said before, Deb never liked to be detected in any emotion, and even hated to admit to herself that she could feel any; so always after she had indulged in the least degree, she would turn quickly and fall to poking the fire with all her might, as if to vent upon it her indignation at her own weakness. I have seen her stir and beat the poor logs till they could bear it no longer, but broke out in angry flashes at her treatment. The logs blamed the tongue a good deal, saying he was a willing instrument in her cruel hands, and even enjoyed the work; but the shovel, who was suspected of such an attachment to the tongue, took his part so decidedly, that it went ill with the poor abused logs. I didn't like the shovel; she was proud because she was sometimes taken into the parlor to carry hot coals when a fire was wanted; and besides, she was very sentimental, always quoting these lines:

"Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,"

which I thought quite ungrammatical.

But I must hasten on, for if there is anything I dread it is being considered prosy.

Master Richard was accustomed to visit home occasionally, though Agnes had been with us a year before he came again. The mistress talked to Agnes about her boy; I think she would have talked to herself if there had been no one to listen, her heart was so set on him. So Agnes came to know all about him, for she was the best listener the mother could have had. She knew just how he looked and how he spoke; what he liked and what he didn't like, and, in fact, had him by heart, as a child gets its lesson from a book. The mistress talked of her son's success in business, and of her ambitious plans for his future; how he was rising, and would one day stand first among the merchants; then he should marry one his equal in all respects.

The mistress's peculiar views for her son's happiness, appeared to concern Agnes very little; she would rather hear that his manly head was covered with brown locks, and that he had a frank, engaging manner. Money-getting and marrying seemed things beyond this innocent child's ken, and she gave them no thought. Agnes had many young friends in the neighborhood, and I think more than one young man tried to win her favor; but though she was charming and pleasant to all, I could see their attentions made no impression upon her.

But at last Master Richard was to come home on a visit, the mistress had got a letter telling her so. We were all more or less excited, in consequence, and Deb kept up a constant poking of the fire, to conceal her joy. As for Agnes, she was too artless to hide anything, and so she

talked on in her innocent way about how glad she would be to see him, and wondering if he would like her. Then as the day of his arrival approached, her white muslin dress and cape must be done up; and Deb undertook this precious piece of work.

Well, on the day fixed, Master Richard came, and I recollect his mother and Deb standing in the foreground, with Agnes in her white dress and blue sash a little behind them, blushing and smiling. How lovely she looked! and no wonder Master Richard's eye glanced beyond his mother and old Deb to the fair vision standing there. I saw him start when he looked at her, and a color of surprise and admiration flashed across his cheek. It was a picture to see them as they thus met, and when I think back it still comes up as a picture to my mind.

After this it was "Agnes and Richard," for they were inseparable from the first. Master Richard followed Agnes about the house and garden, and devised many little plans that they might be together. Even in all the merry-making given in honor of his visit, I heard them say he staid beside Agnes, giving her all his attention, and having eyes nor ears for any other.

I could not help but see the mistress watch the two very closely; and for that matter so did Deb, only in a different way; the mistress's face seemed to harden as she saw them so constantly together, and she looked as if she would like to separate them; while Deb's face softened, and I saw she thought it just right that they should admire each other. For my part, I thought it a beautiful sight.

What I thought strange, was, that one evening Master Richard, looking at Agnes, suddenly said: "Mother, you never told me in your letters that you had given me a sister."

The mistress said not a word, but Agnes looked with innocent wonder.

Master Richard staid but a fortnight; he said he had made arrangements to return at the end of that time. But when Agnes drooped her face and looked grave, at the announcement of his departure, he said:

"Never mind, Agnes, when I come again I will stay till you are tired of me."

"When will you come again?" asked Agnes.

"Very soon, I promise you," he said; and I knew that he meant it.

But still, when the parting came they both looked sad, and several times Master Richard came back into the house, saying he had forgotten something; but it was only to say another good-bye to Agnes. And at the very last, when he had gone out of the gate, he suddenly turned and called to Agnes to come out. She went out, and through the window I could see her leaning over the gate, the sunshine falling upon her lovely hair, and her face raised to his. She held a bit of ribbon grass in her fingers, which she had plucked as she went down the walk, and I saw him take it from her as he held her hand. He stooped and whispered something to her, and then said aloud:

"How will that do, Agnes?" and she brightened up and looked very happy. I am sure he would have kissed her if the mistress had not been standing in the doorway. Poor fellow, I wish he had!

Afterwards I knew what it was Master Richard had told Agnes; it was that he would write to her; and so he did, as soon as he reached Boston.

One day when she had been in the village she brought home her letter, and that scene, too, I can never forget. She came in flushed and breathless, and holding the letter above her head, said innocently:

"He has written to me!"

I suppose if all the world had been assembled in the great kitchen at that moment, she would have said just those simple words, looking just as she did. The mistress was knitting, and she dropped her work, and fixing her eyes upon the poor young thing, said in a low voice that was tremulous with anger:

"Agnes, your childish ways may do with two old women, but you must learn to be discreet with young men."

Deb was about spreading the cloth for supper, at the time, and she paused for a moment while her mistress spoke, holding it high in her hands; then she brought it round with a mighty sweep, and laid it with a flop; and when Agnes looked appealingly at her she only jerked her head, like a horse. But in the evening when she was in the garden cutting sweet marjoram, I saw Agnes steal out, and kneeling down beside her on the bed of herbs, take out her precious letter and read it to her. And the only way I could tell that Deb was interested in it was by the way she cut the herbs while Agnes read; sometimes she cut fast, and again she cut slow; and sometimes she didn't use the knife at all, but just tore the stalk up, root and all; while at others, she snapped the tops off, as if she were thinking, and not quite assured of her work.

I am sure Agnes answered Master Richard's letter, for he continued to write week after week. All the while my mistress had an angry look; and after the correspondence had gone on for some time, she one day said to Agnes:

"Agnes, I don't wish you to write to Richard any more; it is not maidenly."

"He wished it," said Agnes, faintly.

"That may be; young men are always seeking to be amused; but you will work yourself up to some silly notions about him, that may make it awkward for you both in the end; for I warn you, Richard cannot marry you."

"I never thought anything like that," replied Agnes. "I know I love him, but I did not think it wrong. I never had a brother."

"You don't love him as a brother, Agnes, and you may as well be undeceived."

Ah, that was a rude hand to tear the veil from that young heart! As the mistress spoke I saw a change pass over Agnes's face, and I knew that that tender revealing which should come as the

perfume of a flower when its bloom is perfected, had been suddenly forced, and now she sat blushing with a sort of pained joy at the untimely disclosure.

"Of course," continued the mistress, "Richard will make a grand match one of these days. I expect it of him, and I know he will not disappoint me."

"Then why can't we be happy till he does marry?" asked Agnes, eagerly.

I wonder such simplicity did not touch the mistress's heart, or at least dumbfound her; but she put on an unflinching look, and set her lips as one who is about to make a final speech, while she said:

"It can't be, Agnes; either you are very ignorant, or pretend to be, that you should talk in this way. Promise me you will write no more to Richard."

"Oh, I can't!" said Agnes, weeping and clasping her hands, "it is too hard."

"It is what is right and best, and you must promise."

Then Agnes gave a strange sob, and her face paled to the whiteness of death.

"What will he think of me?" she murmured.

"I will arrange it that Richard will not think hardly of you. Now give me your word."

I have heard that when a hunted doe is pressed to extremity, it suddenly turns with such a look in its eyes as causes the hunter to spare its life or immediately take it.

It must have been such a look as this which came into Agnes's face as she turned it to the mistress. I know the mistress started, and said, hurriedly:

"You consent, Agnes?" and the poor child said "Yes," in a tone that struck strangely upon my heart, and then she rose and went up to her room.

I don't know just how I felt, I was so wretched. I wished Deb had been about, though of course the mistress would then have chosen another time.

From that day I saw a change in Agnes; she had a wistful look on her face, and moved about as one in a dream. As time went on, however, she brightened up a little at the prospect of Master Richard's return. But the weeks slipped away and he didn't come; and then I saw she lost heart entirely.

I wondered that Master Richard did not come, for I knew that he meant to.

There was such a visible change in Agnes, that at last I had a strange feeling about her. She did not join her young friends any more, though they came to tempt her out; and since the day the mistress spoke to her about Master Richard, I never heard her sing.

One night after she had gone to bed, Deb said very abruptly to the mistress:

"That child's ailing."

"No wonder," rejoined the mistress, "when she leads such a life as she does. No girl can be well who does not take horse exercise."

"Umph!" ejaculated Deb.

"I don't see that she looks worse than usual; she was always frail in appearance," continued the mistress.

"She's goin' to die," said Deb, "very shortly."

"I'd like to know how you know?" said the mistress, with an angry flush.

"Got my eyes," returned Deb. Then they sat silent till the mistress went to bed.

But after this she made Agnes walk out, and bought her a pretty new dress, and was more gentle with her than I had ever known her before. For all this the poor child did not rally, but seemed to fade, and had that far-off look in her eyes which is so painful to see.

One night as Deb sat by the fire, Agnes, who had gone to bed hours before, came softly down stairs in her night-dress. Her shining hair fell about her shoulders, and she held something in her hand.

"What's all this?" said Deb, sharply; though I saw she was anxious.

Agnes did not answer till she stood quite beside her; then she put her arms around her neck, and laid her cheek against her head, saying:

"Deb, I am going to die!"

"Nonsense!" said Deb, with a jerk; and pushing her away she got up, and fell to stirring and poking the fire wickedly. When she sat down again she said, very shortly: "where's the pain?"

Agnes shook her head. "It is not that, Deb; there is no pain, it is not sickness; but I feel as if I were floating out of life. I can't make any resistance. I can't rally. I am like a poor little boat adrift upon a stream. Even when I think of Richard—here her voice choked—"I still seem to be going. I will never see him again, Deb."

How she failed, and sobbed pitifully.

When she recovered, she said:

"I want to ask something of you, Deb; here is a little packet I want you to give Richard when he comes. I have no message, for I have said all in the letter. Only there is one thing I did not tell him, and you may—yes, you may tell him, Deb, that now I am not sorry he kissed me that night as we came across the fields in the moonlight. For he did kiss me, Deb, and I was frightened, and cried; and then he got confused at seeing me troubled, and in trying to comfort me, without knowing what he did, he kissed me again. Tell him I am even glad he kissed me, because he was not to see me any more. And now take me in your arms, Deb, for it is a long time since any one held or fondled me, and I think I am still only a child."

Deb had put the packet in her bosom without a word, and she took the little white figure in her arms, and held it tenderly as a mother would a baby.

"You ought to be in your bed," she said, very decidedly. "Rest is what you want."

"Yes, rest!" said Agnes, absently. "I am always seeking it, but it never comes. There is but one place where rest is found."

"Where's that?"

"Out in the old church-yard below the hill."

"See here," cried Deb, "I won't have any

more of this! You're as nervous as a mouse, and your hands and feet are as cold as frogs; I expect we'll have you sick a-bed to-morrow."

But Agnes buried her face, crying softly; and then Deb stroked her cheek and smoothed her hair. When she was quiet, she said to her:

"Now I'm going to make you an egg posset, and you've got to eat it."

So she put her in the big cushioned chair, and set about making the posset, talking very briskly all the while.

"You have been so good to me, Deb," said Agnes watching her.

"No I haven't," returned Deb, stopping short with the skillet in her hand. "I'm always as wicked as the devil."

Agnes laughed at her odd expression, and when the posset was done she insisted she should take some of it.

Seeing her so cheered up I began to hope, and in a little while Deb took her up as if she had been a child, and carried her off to bed.

But when Deb came down, she sat down and threw her apron over her face, and then I know poor little Agnes must be failing.

She got up after a while, and poked the fire very hard; then she drew the table into the middle of the room, and made preparations for writing a letter. She took a narrow-necked ink-bottle and a quill from a shelf, and a sheet of foolscap paper, a stick of red sealing-wax, and her thimble from her pocket, and laid them on the table, lighting a fresh candle.

Of all the work Deb had undertaken in her life, I suppose the writing of that letter was the most serious. I thought she never would get set down to it; and when she was once seated, I thought she would never get through. She set the candle first in one place and then another, and the ink-bottle would be either at the very corner of the table, where I expected every dip of her quill would push it off, or she suddenly brought it under her very elbow. She sniffed the candle when it didn't want snuffing, and when it did, she let it alone, and poked away by its dim light. I have no doubt the poor soul had not written a stroke since she was a girl, and the different forms of the letters had slipped her memory, so that she was obliged to stop every now and then to recall them. As she shaped each letter, she made a corresponding motion with her mouth, so that I could tell when she was making a G, when an A, and so on through all the alphabet. I think she jumped up as often as six times during her writing to stir the fire; in this, as in other things, it seemed a relief to her feelings, and helped her along. When the letter was finished she folded it up in a big square, sealed it with the wax, and made an impression with the end of her thimble. Then she put it in her pocket, and went to bed.

I knew that letter was for Master Richard, and I knew it was about Agnes; and I blessed Deb in my heart.

The next morning Agnes didn't come down to breakfast, and my heart sank. Deb was very cross, and I knew this was a bad sign.

"I shall send for the doctor," said the mistress.

"Twon't be any use," said Deb.

But still he was sent for, and he came. He was an old gentleman, very fat, and it took him so long to get upstairs that I thought he never would get up. When he came down he put his hat on one chair, and sat down on another, not saying a word, but staring hard at the floor.

"What do you think?" asked the mistress.

"What do I think about what, madam?"

"I mean, do you think Agnes very sick?"

"I don't think her sick at all."

The mistress flushed up and looked ill at ease.

"That is a very peculiar organization upstairs, madam."

"She was always very delicate looking," said the mistress; "and I did not put her to any work."

"Quite right," said the old doctor; "she should live as the birds and flowers. Have some one to take care of her."

"What do you suppose ails her?" asked the mistress.

"That is just what I wish to know, madam."

"She must be sick," said the mistress.

"She is not sick," said the doctor.

Then there was an awkward silence.

"What do you recommend?" then asked the mistress.

"I recommend that woman in the short gown—Deb, I think, you call her—to stay with her all the time. That woman is a wholesome character. Give the child plenty of old wine, tell her all the gossip of the neighborhood, never go into the room with your feet in slippers and your voice muffled, let there be a constant stir and noise in the house, and keep life around her keyed up to the highest pitch, till we see if we can bring about a reaction; for I tell you, madam, if we do not take care, we shall have her slipping into heaven before we know where we are. Already she seems to have one wing dipped in the blue."

He went off quickly when he said this.

Deb huddled up and down stairs constantly, and cooked every variety of dainty for poor Agnes. The wine was brought up from the parlor cupboard, and everything done that serves in most cases, but all to no purpose.

"I intend to write to Richard," said the mistress to Deb.

"Too late!" said Deb, and left the room, with her old green bonnet drawn down over her face.

Every day the doctor came, and, as he had done on the first day, always sat down in the kitchen after coming downstairs, and, staring hard at the floor would say to the mistress:

"That is a very peculiar organization upstairs, madam."

This speech never failed to make the mistress angry.

At last, when a week had gone by, I saw there was no hope. The tray came down without the dishes having been touched, the broiled chicken, with its parsley sauce, the jelly and the wine, just as when

they went up. And Deb had a red ring round her eyes, and looked worn to a shadow.

Agnes's companions came to see her; and one day a young girl, to whom she was greatly attached, leaning against the dresser with her sun-bonnet in her hand, burst into tears, and said to Deb:

"Oh, Deb, what ails Agnes? I think she will die!"

I could only keep hoping Master Richard would come. One day the doctor staid upstairs a long time: and when he came down he walked to the window, and taking out his big red silk handkerchief, blew his nose over and over again very hard. Then the mistress came down, white as a sheet, and dropped upon a chair, trembling.

Oh, poor little Agnes! Then I knew she had drifted quite out to the great ocean, and was lost to us for ever. And that afternoon, just when it was a few hours too late, Master Richard came. I will never forget the scene which ensued.

A dismal rain had been falling, for it was in the late autumn, and I remember he was quite drenched when he came in. He glanced quickly over the room, and then said, in a sharp voice:

"Where is Agnes?"

Deb wrung her hands, and I saw her face work with emotion.

"Where is Agnes?" repeated Master Richard, in a louder tone.

Then Deb put her head down on the table and cried.

"Not that, Deb!" he said. "O God, it cannot be that!"

No one answered; but his mother went to him and put her hands on his shoulders.

He flung them off as if they had been vipers, and cried out:

"Mother, you deceived me and killed her! Oh, why did I trust you? Go away—don't touch me—I hate you! The dear, dead face, upstairs, is not more indifferent to me than I will be to you henceforth; and no other woman's love shall ever cross my darling's grave to reach my heart, so help me heaven! O Agnes, Agnes!"

Then he turned to go upstairs, but seemed as if he could not, putting his hand to his head, and saying:

"My God, how shall I face this?"

It was only after the third effort that he went up, and then we heard him crying:

"My poor, murdered lamb, speak to me! I have come back!"

But the sweet voice which was to have greeted his return was frozen into eternal silence. And though he poured out his love and grief for hours beside her, Agnes never so much as raised her little white hand. The mistress shut herself up in her room; and late at night, as Deb sat by the fire, Master Richard came downstairs, but looking at least ten years older. His face was fixed and white, and his voice had a dull sound, as one who had parted with hope.

"Tell me everything, Deb," he said, sitting down beside her.

Then Deb took the little packet from her bosom and gave it to him, with that curious, but sweet message.

"Tell me again," he said; and she went over it in a hoarse, choking voice.

He covered his face with his hands and shook with sobs. When he opened the packet a long tress of shining hair fell out, and he pressed it to his lips, saying:

"Oh, my darling!"

The next thing was a little withered flower, and then there were his letters tied with a bit of ribbon, and a long letter which Agnes had written. He read her letter over and over, and then got up and walked about the room.

"I must go away from this place, Deb," he said.

"I must go away to-morrow. A few days sooner and I might have saved her, and now she is lost to me for ever! I loved her from the first, Deb, on the day I came home and saw her standing in the door. I knew I never could love another; I meant to tell her I loved her when I came again—I would have written it, but for the selfish wish to see her blushing face and hear her sweet voice in answer. My mother deceived me most cruelly; she told me Agnes was attached to an early friend, and I felt it so deeply that I could not come home. I knew my mother's ambition long before this, and I am punished for trusting her. I am a rich man now, but my wealth will only be a burden to me. I wish I had my fortune to make over again, that in care and toil I might seek forgetfulness. For a time I thought it was to be 'life with Agnes,' now it is only that dreary thought—*life without her!* I am only twenty-eight years old, Deb, and my future lies before me like a desert waste. I wish God would cut short my days, for joy and hope are dead!"

"Hush, hush!" said Deb, solemnly; "we must suffer the Lord's will."

"It has been cruel, cruel work," he said, setting his teeth hard.

Neither of them went to bed that night, and in the morning Master Richard went away. He had asked Deb for some little token of Agnes, and she gave him her blue ribbon—the sash she wore on the day he first saw her.

I must pass lightly over the few days that followed, over the time when our pretty Agnes, in her white dress, and with flowers on her bosom, was carried down the garden walk, and laid in the old churchyard, at the foot of the hill. A gloom fell upon the house, as if the light had departed, and so it had. Deb became more active and sharper than ever, but I knew it was only to keep away the heartache. Every night I saw her tears dropping on her bony hands, as she sat in her old place, and I knew her loss was next to Master Richard's.

The mistress was a changed woman. She gave up her spinning, and would sit by the hour with her hands clasped, not speaking a word. One day, about a year after Agnes's death, she did not come down to breakfast, and Deb, going to her room, found her dead in her bed.

Then poor Deb wrote her second letter to Master

Richard, and he answered it; and I heard her tell a neighbor she was going to Boston, to keep house for him.

The furniture was sold, the house closed up, and Deb went away, and I never saw her again. This is the way it all ended, and I passed into another family. But I like to think back, and I often wonder if Master Richard and Deb did not sometimes go to see the little grave in the Hazedon churchyard.

Fifty years ago! Dear me! I shall soon be out of service, and all that I know will pass away with me!"

AUTUMN FRUITS:

A Harvest Hymn.

Not always with the jester's cap and bells,
Not always with the quibble on the tongue,
The laughing lip a cheerful story tells:
A people's psalm should be gravely sung.

As deepened ruts in elm-embowered lane—
The broad-carved traces of the wagon wheel—
Show where have passed huge loads of garnered grain,
So human hearts some kindred impress feel.

The breeze-blown sails that turn about the mill
Make merry music in the autumn air;
Whilst cheapened leaves the laborer's table fill,
Where chubby cheeks with brightened eyes repair.

That radiant face which to the threshold comes,
Those bulky meal sacks round about the floor,
Show sunny blessings entering lightened homes,
Scaring the wolf of famine from the door.

Peace, Plenty and Prosperity—these come
From Him whose sunbeams did the bounty raise,
And for these gatherings of our harvest home,
A nation's voice sends forth a hymn of praise.

THE LAST WALL-ST. SENSATION.

NEW YORK has been the locale of many gigantic operations in the money market and finances generally, as well as in all matters of social, political, moral, and commercial importance, among which, during the last few years, that of the Huntington defalcation, perhaps, rated as the most extensive in the financial world, until the recent Wall street revolution shook the business community of this city to its very centre.

Huntington is now paying the penalty of his crime in the prison at Sing Sing. But what is to be the result of the Ketchum operation in the same line, is yet to be developed. As the case now stands, it appears that the criminal operations of Edward B. Ketchum amounted to the very moderate sum of \$4,000,000, which he had availed himself of by abstracting securities from the vaults of the firm of Morris Ketchum & Co., and otherwise using "scrip," "funds," and "collaterals" that were not exactly "personal property," in his financial operations in Wall street. At length his defalcations were discovered, and the bankruptcy of the above house, of which his father was one of the principal partners, was the result. Not only have his operations affected that firm, but a number of others have felt its disastrous influence, as might be expected, yet so high is the standing of his father, and the house with which he is connected, that at a meeting of the creditors, the said firm was relieved of its indebtedness upon the payment of sixty per cent, which is in substance, the ultimatum of the affair, so far as the creditors are concerned.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE have been only four railroad accidents during the past week, which is at once a source of considerable surprise and comfort to all, whether travelers or stay-at-homes. All have, however, agreed upon the necessity of some additional legislation for the punishment of the guilty parties, for the disastrous results and the guilt are the same, whether passengers are killed by some ruffian laying a piece of timber across the track, or by some wretched board of directors making one switchman do the work of two, out of a murderous and miserly economy.

There is considerable discussion among the lawyers, whether the great Wall street sensationalist, Ketchum, junior, has been legally guilty of forgery in the matter of the gold cheques, inasmuch as he never uttered them; some of the lawyers, however, contend that depositing them as collateral security, constitutes in effect an utterance. So far as Wall street is concerned, it has been a nine days' wonder, and although not forgotten, is no longer a prominent subject of conversation.

In the industrial world, the latest item is the arrival of about a score of England's representative commercial men to "prospect" our great American adventures, whether of oil wells, railroads, steamship lines, or banks, for despite an occasional Jenkins, there is a growing disposition among English financiers to invest in American securities in preference to any other. It is needless to dwell upon the great advantages to be derived from a visit from men of this class; it will undo many of those false impressions made by flimsy reports of such men as Mackay, Trollope, and their brother line-spinners. One thing cannot fail to astonish them, and that is the total absence of all those evils which an expensive and sanguinary war invariably entails upon a country. We venture to say, that the only traces they will find in any of the loyal States, are the sorrowful countenances of those who have lost relatives in the struggle. In every other respect, the war—terrible as the visitation has been—has lifted a great incubus from the American breast, enabled it to breathe with a freer and more joyous spirit, and given an impulse to its commercial industry which will astonish the world.

We notice in a Cleveland paper, a description of Bond's Portable Sporting Boat, which can be divided into two parts, each of which forms a complete boat. It is most admirably adapted for parties going on distant hunting or fishing excursions, as they will stand more hard usage than any other boats, while the cost of transportation is but a trifle. The length of the boat is 16 feet.

Theatricals have recommenced in full blast. Clarke began his annual season last week at the Winter Garden with two of his best parts, "Major de Boon," and "Toodles." We hope, however, that so fine an artist—for Mr. Clarke does not trust to broad grime for his success, but presents an elaborate performance, which embodies his idea of the character, just as Owens does in *Solon Shingle*, and Booth in "Hamlet"—will give us something new.

At Niblo's we have the agreeable expectation of seeing the Ravens on the 12th, after an absence of several years. How many recollections their re-appearance will cause? Their connection with the American public is one of the most gratifying theatrical facts of the age. The Ravens may be truly said to have delighted three generations of New Yorkers.

The last week will be remembered for the opening of Barnum's new Museum, now situated at 639 and 641 Broadway, known as the Chinese Hall, and the scene of the Buckleys' triumph. The new Museum consists of five large saloons, and a splendid lecture room; these stretch across the entire block of 200 feet. Among the great advantages of this location, is the rapid egress in case of emergency, as ample doors at both ends allow the entire audience to pass out in five minutes. The stage of the Lecture Room is 50 feet wide, by 46 feet deep, and the auditorium is about 90 feet deep. It will accommodate about 2,500 persons. The decorations are very elegant. Considering the short space of time in fitting the present building, the variety and number of curiosities Barnum has gathered together are really wonderful, and sufficiently evince that he is still the same energetic manager.

Mr. Stephen Masett (Pipes) is going on a lengthened Western tour, where he will present his "Drifting About," so popular in New York.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

NOR many years ago, two Frenchmen, one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless, occupied, by chance, the same room in a hotel. In the morning the "seedy" one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion:

"It is my last desperate resource; I am penniless and tired of life! Give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!"

The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantsaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside.

Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman of Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, "Pike" awakened, discovered his room-mate standing over him, with a pistol leveled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation.

"What the deuce are you standing there for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul.

"I am desperate!" was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!"

"Well, then, blow and be damned!" replied Pike, turning over.

"Bote you will be arrested for so murdair!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly.

"Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "Oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five pound bowlie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and at the word he started for the Gaul.

But the latter was too nimble; for the "hoss-pistol," innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude will not answer for another.

FLOWERS AND DIAMONDS.

WHATEVER may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose in the hair of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. Is not the blush of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious sight to see than the blaze of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but rose leaves are still rose leaves; though dead, their odor is a delicious memory of the by-gone "time of roses."

Girls should be like the flowers that adorn themselves to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but impenetrably hard, diamonds seem with peril to their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Ambrose says, which is not known to those who bear their yoke. Women who bear diamonds, said the saint, may be as bright and dazzling as the gems, but their hearts, assuredly, will grow as hard.

More than half the charm of dress, and all the charm of adornment arises from the appropriateness of each to both place and person. Diamonds that flash over gardens in the country are burning insults to the flowers. They belong to state, stately persons, and stately occasions of festival or solemnity in cities, or in sovereign presence elsewhere. On an Evangelist's brow the rose, not the gem, is becoming; and jewelry looks ill on the fingers of Basil, the blacksmith. In short, dress, like everything else, should be in unison with the wearer's place and condition. Hiawatha's flaunting feathers, Minnehaha's prairie flowers, were well suited to their pathways and the shadows of the forest, but in Broadway would be laughed at.

ANTS OF BUSINESS.—Nothing is more interesting than to see an army of ants engaged in divesting a tree of its foliage. In doing so, they manifest an intuitive system and order which is truly surprising. A regular file is continually ascending on one side of the trunk, while another is descending on the opposite side, each one of the ants bearing a piece of a leaf of the size of a sixpence in his mouth. A large number appear to be stationed among the upper branches, for the sole purpose of biting off the stems of the leaves and thus causing them to fall to the ground. At the foot of the tree is another department, whose business is evidently that of cutting the fallen leaves into small pieces for transportation. A long procession is kept constantly marching, laden with leaves. Some years ago the ants entered one of the convents at Marham, who not only devoured the drapery of the altars, but also descended into the graves beneath the floor, and brought up several pieces of linen from the brouds of the dead.

WASHING HORSES.—In regard to the care of horses, Sir George Stephen says: "Whenever it is necessary to wash a horse's legs, do it in the morning. Most grooms act on a different principle—wash them as soon as the animal comes in. I am satisfied this is a bad practice. When the roads are dirty, and the weather wet, and the legs are already soaked, washing can do no harm; but to deluge the legs with water the moment a horse enters the yard, heated with exercise, is to my mind as unnatural and absurd as to jump into a shower-bath after playing an hour at cricket. My plan is a rubbing down with straw and a dry brush, and the next morning wash as clean as soap and water can make them. Pick and wash the soles as soon as a horse comes in."

PERSIAN WOMEN'S SCIENTIFIC DIVISION OF MEN.—The "Seven Wise Women of Persia," who by royal edict prepared a code of laws governing domestic matters in that realm, lay it down as a fact that, "There are three kinds of men: 1. A proper man; 2. Half a man; 3. A hupul-hupla. A proper man always gives his wife whatever she wants; your half man is a poor, snivelling wretch, who gives his wife but little; and your hupul-hupla is a despicable, jealous creature, who gives his wife nothing, but makes her do her own work, and is so suspicious, that if she stays away all day, he is sure to ask her where she has been."





CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY MARY E. Q.

Near a vine-wreathed casement sitting,
Is a maiden young and fair,
Dreaming, while the merry south wind
Toys with her nut-brown hair.

In her eyes a dreamy languor,
Like a spirit half awake,
Coral lips, half sad, half smiling,
Folded hands of fairest make.

Sits she there in hazy twilight,
Dreamer's time and poet's hour,
When the spirit is uplifted
By some unseen magic power.

Those blue eyes are never gazing
On the blue-crowned distant hills;
Heeds she not the soothing murmur
Of the tinkling, rippling rills.

Art thou dreaming, maiden, fair one,
Building castles in the air—
Glorious castles, princely dwellings,
Richly grand and quaintly rare?

Out upon the future's greensward,
Rise up this magic home,
Grand, with turrets, gables, cornice,
Crowned with arching, stately dome.

Light within is brightly gleaming,
Gilding spacious stucco'd halls,
Where, in golden frames are hanging,
Pictures cull'd from mem'ry's walls.

Fadeless flowers are ever blooming,
Free from blight or mark of death,
Rarest strains of sweetest music
Touch the ear like angel's breath.

Heard not is the sound of wailing,
N'er is there a falling tear,
All is rose-hued, joyous seeming,
In this dreamland's castled sphere.

Vows made here are never broken,
All is holy pure and fair,
Every face is bright with beauty,
Such as saints and angels wear.

Who will dwell with the fair maiden
In these castled fairy towers,
Breathe this air with love-sweets laden,
Pluck these gorgeous passion flowers?

That bright blush of rosy tinting,
Blue eyes lit with tender flame,
Tell the tale in love's own language,
Whisper sure the lov'd one's name.

Fair young maiden, may you never
See your castled home decay,
Leaving thee to weep in anguish
Over idols made of clay.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE,"
"REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—ESAU'S TROPHY.

We need not tell our readers who it was that followed Anthony into the dining-room, and became at once the object of such close if not flattering attention. But it is necessary that we should narrate the incident that brought Esau into his new position. The young adventurer had at first enjoyed the share assigned to him by "luck" of watching, unsuspected, the lurking thieves in the beautiful moonlit garden; of giving sudden warning, and then removing out of harm; of showing his musical capabilities from the platform of a heap of newly-mown hay, and for the benefit alike of sick aldermen and discontented burglars, and chuckling at the surprise that must be felt by his unseen audience at such untimely carolings. But when pistol-shots began to fly about the air, he fancied he would be better back again in London, and if that mere thought would not of itself have been sufficient, he had a new motive given him when, as he was running, he came suddenly right upon one of the flying thieves, who, without a word, knocked him down with the butt-end of a pistol he held, and then, as he lay stunned and sprawling, threw the weapon at him savagely, muttering, in a hoarse, suppressed voice:

"There, you varmint! Don't poke yer nose into things yer don't understand agin!"

He said no more; but leaving his pistol, as if he had intended to get rid of it, disappeared over the wall.

Esau was as much struck with the robber's text as with the commentary; and he was wonderfully tickled by the idea of the pistol, which must be the robber's own, and which surely now might be Esau's. Giving himself no time for reflection, he pushed it under his waistcoat, out of sight, and followed the example of the burglar in getting away as fast as possible, and back into one of his London haunts—the cellar of a poor old woman, who let him sleep there rent free, in return for his doing any little bits of business she wanted from Esau.

But Esau got home too late to sleep, and too full of his adventures to be quiet about them; so while his feeble, querulous, but kindly-natured patroness gave him the washings of her own exhausted teapot, with bread and a lump of dripping, for breakfast, he told her the story.

"Go back, you little fool—go back with you directly, and tell them at the house," was her first greeting, after a pause as if of wonder, and when Esau was expecting a compliment for his behavior. Esau looked sullen at first, but was in due time convinced he ought to carry out to the

end the part he had undertaken, of a faithful though unknown friend of the family; so he set off to return.

He walked along, sometimes briskly, at others loitering, as if time were nothing to him, and that secretly-coveted pistol a good deal. Now he turned from the road to help to toss hay in a field where only the farmer and his son were left at work; but his quick eye happening to see a rabbit crossing at the corner of the field, very near, he started in chase, never stopping till he reached its hole, which the boy marked by leaving a peculiar-looking bough sticking in the ground near it. Then, too, he was a good deal delayed by his being so generally known by the inmates of the cottages he passed. The men, smoking their pipes at the house doors after breakfast, looked at him and at his pistol, which he mischievously just allowed them to see, and shook their heads, uttering an emphatic assent to the opinion given by one of them, that

"That boy won't never come not to no good, whoever lives to see it."

But the little children went running into the cottages, calling, loudly and excitedly:

"Mother—mother! here comes Esau!"

And the mothers generally had a friendly nod and smile for him. At one place he stopped to mend a child's whip; at another to earn a half-penny by nursing an infant for five minutes, lending his head of hair the while as a baby's plaything while its mother got the supper ready—a bargain of which the crowing and tugging baby seemed to think better than Esau did. But he took fresh thought and pushed on, after a sly look at the pistol, and after cocking it, and leveling it at imaginary burglars in the hedge, and pulling the trigger.

He had strange modes of relieving the monotony of his journey. Sometimes he would seem to disappear from the road altogether, but soon his heels would be seen either dangling from a tree, or standing up, soles uppermost, with the sorrel and buttercups, in the middle of a field of long grass, where he had found, and was watching, a skylark's nest, till the lark herself came down from the sky, singing deliciously, and coming in as straight a line as if its song were a silken web-like thread, which it had wound about it to climb heavenward, and which it now unspun to return to its nest in the grass.

And then, taking heart of grace, Esau dawdled no longer, but ran as fast as he could—trying to forget what a good pistol it was, and how he should like to fire it off with real powder and shot, if only once—till he reached the alderman's house, rung the bell, waited five minutes, got no answer, rang again, and then was, to his surprise, met, not by the servants, but by a young gentleman, who heard his business with so little interest that he might have known of it beforehand, and merely said, as Esau was showing the pistol:

"Come in with me."

Thus it was that Esau again presented himself at the alderman's, and so much later than he needed to have been in making his appearance, and offering his testimony and his trophy.

But why had Anthony thought it right to leave his friends at so critical a time, and in so rude a manner, as if merely to answer the gate bell? Can we without shame record of him, in this unsentimental age, that he had been so completely overpowered by the alderman's letter, and by the general sense of relief from a position of debt and difficulty, as to be absolutely unable to trust himself to speak to any one? To have broken down in womanish fashion before all those people—before her, the doctor's daughter—would have been an act he could never have forgiven himself for. To evade it, when he found that even delay did not restore his equanimity, he had taken advantage of the sudden sound, the ringing of the gate bell, and stalked out, moved thereto by the additional sting of the lawyer's absurd and unworthy explanation. What he did, where he went, and how he mastered himself during the brief five minutes that elapsed between the first and the second ringing of the bell, let us leave unsaid. Enough to know he did, in that space, so thoroughly conquer the grief—the gratefulness—the passionate desire to cry back to that grave, "Oh, you have rightly known me!" that when he returned there was not in the assembly a calmer looking face. It was pale, certainly—very pale; and intrusive eyes might have noticed something heated and shrinking about Anthony's, as he again met the people in the room; but he said, carelessly:

"This boy has picked up a pistol belonging to one of the thieves," and, under cover of that diversion, walked back to his place, motioning Esau to a corner near him, which Esau accepted as an invitation to squat down at his ease, in a manner more picturesque than seemly; then, after a pause, Anthony stood up and faced the persons in the room, obviously in order to speak. The instantaneous hush was remarkable, and, in any other mood, would, to poor Anthony, have been alarming; but he had just passed through too many great and elevating emotions to be open so soon after to the influence of trifling ones. On the contrary, as he got over the first few hesitating words, his look became so animated, his voice so thrilling, and his form so full of dignity, that Clarissa almost asked herself if this was indeed the half-ghy, half-mirthful Anthony Maude who had spoken to her outside the house.

"Dear friends—I cannot just now call you otherwise, and I hope you do not wish that I should do so—you have heard what my uncle writes to me to do. Hear me now answer to him. May God in his goodness make me"—he paused, as if wishing to say something that would not come to him—"make me fit for such a destiny; and if He finds I neglect or violate the solemn duty now imposed, may He take all this away from me, for I shall deserve it."

Before any knew he had finished he was again sitting in his chair. But then, after a moment's pause, he seemed to remember something, rose

again, shook hands warmly with Sleuth, and said to the auditory:

"I am proud to say that Richard Sleuth and I are friends, that this is his house as well as mine, and that I look to him to help me in my affairs."

He was getting a little agitated once more; so, in order to calm his excitement, he turned to see where Clarissa Pompos was, and he found her just where he had left her, but looking at him with such moist eyes and glowing cheeks, that he grew worse still; and then, to his relief, he thought him of the doctor—a wonderful sedative. He went to him, and, with a half bow and half smile, said:

"Doctor, you will bear with my oddities, won't you? For the sake of my uncle you will remember how much I shall need his friend's countenance and sympathy." Artful Anthony! He consciously got on better the moment that word, "countenance," occurred to him. "Yes, doctor; I assure you I am rather frightened than elated by my good fortune. But I ask you sincerely and earnestly to be my friend—my friend, and Dick Sleuth's."

"Hem! hem! Well—well—young man, I know no reason why I shouldn't be your friend, and, as you say very thoughtfully, Richard Sleuth's friend also."

"And may I at once ask your advice on a matter that gives me some concern?" asked Anthony.

"Do—pray do—speak out!" replied the doctor.

They went through the conservatory into the little enclosed lawn that extended between the conservatory and the wall, a sort of corner cut off from the general lawn and flower-system of the grounds. The doctor, as they walked, took the young man's arm in a gracious, condescending way.

"The servants," said Anthony, when they were out of hearing; "I wonder uncle didn't say something about them. But I am not the fellow, and I won't be, to even seem to blame him."

"Quite right—quite right. Very likely he meant to leave all that to you."

"Mightn't I say he hinted at something of the sort once?"

"Of course. If he did, that's the very thing."

Anthony looked puzzled; and then the doctor smelt a rat.

"Aha! young man! I see—I see. Beware! Take my advice—the advice of a man of mature years and large experience—and I—and—hem! familiarity with human nature. Tell the truth and shame the devil! Capital motto! Keep it before you, young man!"

Anthony looked half inclined to laugh, while a little annoyed. But the truth-loving doctor went on:

"Hem! hem! Give the housekeeper an annuity of fifty pounds a year, if she leaves you—and—hem!—give the other domestics gratuities—say—hem!—one year's wages for each year they have been in the service."

"Yes; and might I say that arrangements—arrangements have been made in—the family—for some time—"

"Gently, young man," said the doctor, his large, broad face beaming for the first time with a smile, as he began to suspect an admissible joke.

The end of the conversation was that Dr. Pompos went back to the room, made a short but imposing oration to the housekeeper and other servants, and, somehow, insensibly glided into the path that the cunning Anthony had sloped for him; so that, when the servants' hall discussed the matter some hours after, there was a general agreement that the old man had really settled everything with the doctor; who, on his part, rather enjoyed the position thus put upon him of giving moral counsel, and exercising legitimate authority.

CHAPTER XIV.—SLEUTH'S TRIAL.

WHEN people look on the rising sun, they seldom trouble themselves to think of the sun that set only a few hours before. So was it here. The alderman's memory had faded fast before the actual presence of the heir. Not even the murder had long kept out the question of the property, and the thoughts of the two young men so critically situated. Besides, every one knew the alderman had been dying—they had hourly expected to hear he was dead—and they could not therefore long retain the first healthy glow of excitement and indignation, could not treat this murder with exactly the same kind of reception they could have given to the news of any other. If the alderman had been, at the time, in any less critical position, there would have been a great outcry at his death; as it was, it was wonderful how soon the first horror sobered down under the diversion of other and more attractive themes, and which more or less affected the interests of the majority of the persons present.

But there was one man who never, by any chance, forgot, even for a single instant, the dread event; for instinct warned him he could not afford to do so.

What but that was Sleuth thinking of while the doctor and Anthony were talking together apart? He forgot Miss Pompos, upon whom, when he did not think she observed him, his eyes had contracted a bad, and to her annoying, habit of constantly falling. He forgot Phillis, who watched him from under her long lashes with, at present, inconvenient attentiveness, whenever he looked towards the young lady in the riding habit; and though he seemed to be interested in Esau, and to smile at the answers the vagabond had had gave him, he was all the while stretching his faculties of hearing and divining to the utmost, to enable him to guess the purport of the talk in the little garden. Sleuth never once thought of the actual truth of the case about the servants. He felt, on the contrary, sure that two fearful things for him had happened together, when Anthony had gone out just as the boy was coming in with the burglar's pistol.

He could not, for the moment, steady his

thoughts sufficiently to call up all the many possibilities involved, but he saw only too clearly that the finding of that second pistol might be extremely dangerous—perhaps, indeed, had suggested something to Anthony which he was already consulting the doctor about. How he measured, moment by moment, their slow foot-falls, crushing the gravel without? How, when they once stopped, he seemed to understand they had come to some horrible and mutual conclusion; and how the unseen spirit again whispered "Fly!" till he was relieved by their going on again! How he prayed (for Sleuth still thought himself religious, and quite entitled to pray) that the next few hours would pass all, these people disperse, and he be able to sit down with Anthony in peace! Peace! Sleuth is learning fast, but has much yet to learn. Meantime his lips may almost be seen to move, as he silently shapes on them the two words that now comprise, he thinks, the greatest dangers—"coat—pistol!"

He does not deceive himself. Glad as he has been to find that, even after a murder, creation at large, and the alderman's domestics in particular, seem to move on very much as before—still, he is quite aware that people will, now that the heir question is disposed of, return to the remembrance of the alderman's bloody death, and to the duties imposed on the survivors. He saw the two men return, and then, while the doctor made his speech about the servants, he wiped the palms of his hands, which persisted in oozing with moisture, and felt he was as ready as he ever could be for the ordeal.

"Hem!" began the doctor, according to his wont, but in much more severe and magisterial loudness of tone—"All other business having been disposed of—hem! it is my duty, not officially—I repeat, not officially at present—here the doctor looked round with more benignant air than he had first assumed—"but rather as a friend of the deceased gentleman, who has been, I am told, foully murdered. But of that I must be presumed just yet to know nothing. Mr. Stamp, will you be so good as to act *pro tem.*, as my clerk, and guide the proceedings?"

Mr. Stamp just gave one impatient scratch of his head with the fingers of his left hand, as though to allay some nervous irritability in that particular part, but then resigned himself with a good grace to what he feared might prove an infliction. But he was mistaken. The doctor had a certain wholesome dread of intermeddling with a man that he knew to be able and experienced; so he simply looked magnificent, and gave great weight and dignity to the informal proceedings by his appearance and behavior.

"Perhaps Mr. Sleuth will tell us what he knows about the matter first," began the lawyer.

Mr. Sleuth was not at all flattered by this prominent position. He had hoped to have heard what passed, and then have shaped what he had to say more or less according to circumstances. This ill-luck a little discomposed him; and after he had striven with his internal agitation, and pretty well conquered it, a new incident occurred not calculated to reassure him. The door opened without any warning—without even a preliminary tap—and two men entered, with staves in their hands and their hats on their heads, whose business told itself plainly in their aspect—ministers of justice. They explained that they had only quite recently heard of the business, and had come as soon as possible when they did hear. The doctor motioned to them to take seats, and they, knowing him to be a magistrate, became, of course, very humble and respectful.

Sleuth, under these circumstances, thought it wisest to repeat as nearly as he could, word for word, the statement he had made to the housekeeper—his being alarmed by the appearance of the burglars while attending to his dying uncle, his uncle's firing at the burglar, the burglar firing back, and then Sleuth's pursuing him ineffectually, and returning till he met the housekeeper in the corridor.

The housekeeper pricked her ears as she heard Sleuth mention her name, and some words were exchanged between Phillis and her, that filled Sleuth with a consuming anxiety all through the rest of the meeting.

The housekeeper's statement was to the effect that, being very much alarmed to hear shots fired, which seemed to her to come from the alderman's room, she had gone up, opened the door, and found him lying in an extraordinary posture—huddled all up together on the bed. He was quite dead, and there was a wound on his temple, which seemed to show a pistol-shot had killed him. She also found a piece of burnt wadding on the bed. This she produced, as well as the pistols she had received from Anthony and Sleuth.

The lawyer and one of the officers, who rose for that purpose, came to the table, and examined the pistols.

"This," said the lawyer, taking up the handsome double-barreled one, "was, I presume, the alderman's?"

"Yes, sir," said Sleuth, or, at least, he fancied he had said so; but seeing the lawyer wait for an answer, he supposed his dry lips had failed him, and he had spoken inaudibly; so, moistening his lips with his tongue, he tried, with a firmer voice, a second time to speak, and he did get out the words, then, "Yes, sir."

"I think, Mr. Sleuth," went on the lawyer, "you said the alderman, after firing, told you to pursue the robber, and gave you the pistol? What was the good of that, if the other barrel was not loaded?"

"Oh, but it was, sir."

"It was? Then how happened it to be empty now?"

Mr. Stamp looked inscrutable as he put the question; but Sleuth felt it in his marrow. He was not dismayed, however; anything but that.

Nothing cheers an undiscovered criminal in danger so much as to let him see he is supposed to have done something which it is easy to dis-

prove. Though Mr. Stamp was touching so closely on the very heart of the mystery, Sleuth saw that he was doing so in a double mistake; first, that he (Sleuth) might have intended to suggest that one barrel only had been originally loaded, and that, second, the present empty condition of the barrel was likely to prove of some importance. So he said, with admirable calmness:

"I gave it to my cousin Anthony loaded, and he fired it off, in the housekeeper's presence, through the window, because she was timid of taking it as it was."

Of course both the housekeeper and Anthony affirmed this, and Mr. Stamp, if a moment's suspicion had crossed his thoughts, lost it altogether as he thanked Mr. Sleuth for his clear statement.

But before Sleuth had ventured to feel he had a right to use a certain passage of Scripture which would keep coming into his mind, in spite of his own wish not to humbug himself at so critical a moment—the passage which says, "the bitterness of death is past"—the housekeeper brought back the old feeling, by saying she wished to add a word or two more.

"It isn't worth mentioning, I dare say, gentlemen, but right is right, and if we are called on to speak, it is my belief as we ought to say all we know, and leave it to God, and to his minister of justice on earth, to set things straight thereby."

The housekeeper received a gracious nod as she here curtsied to the doctor.

How Sleuth's face—not daring to look directly at her—kept its fixed, pale expression, without any changes, during this, was astonishing. With head slightly bent, as listening, eyes rolling incessantly, he still preserved, in all other respects, an attitude in no respects differing from that of any one else in the room. The housekeeper, after a pause, went on:

"I am sure Mr. Anthony won't be angry with me for doubting his word, for, of course, it's nothing to him—can't be—what I'm going to say; but still everything should be mentioned when one talks of the horrible doings of such a night. Well, I was, of course, very much frightened when I discovered the alderman dead, not by course of nature, but murder—and I hurried out, as fast as my poor old limbs would let me, through the dressing-room, and into the corridor; and just as I got there I heard some one go into the safe-room—but I wasn't in time to see who it was—but I thought it was Mr. Sleuth, and I called to him. But nobody answered, and when I got to the door it was locked. And I called again to Mr. Sleuth to tell him the alderman was murdered. And then, while I was wondering why I got no answer, I found the door gave way, and I went in, and I saw a man running towards the window, looking so like Mr. Anthony that I thought it was him, and that he was running after the thieves; and I called him by his name, Mr. Anthony, but he didn't stop; and when I mentioned it to Mr. Anthony, he said he had never been in the safe-room at all, and he told me I had been dreaming. But right is right, and I say I saw some one that I thought was Mr. Anthony, and that's all I know about the matter."

"I assure you, my dear Mrs. Milton," said Anthony, "that, whoever you saw, it was not me. I came from the pursuit of the burglars right up the stairs, and, knowing my uncle's bedroom, and fearing he would be greatly excited by the affair, I turned neither to the right, to the safe-room, nor in any direction but to the left, which took me, as fast as I could go, to the place where I found my poor uncle lying dead, and where you and my cousin found me."

"Hem! hem! I really don't see what importance these trivial details can have," observed the doctor, and there was for the moment a general silence.

What would not Sleuth have given to be able just then to read the hearts of the lawyer, of those horrible-looking officers of justice, of the housekeeper; but, above all, of Phillis, whose behavior grew more and more inexplicable! Not once during this eventful time had she allowed him to get a full, and as it were, confidential look exchanged between them; and, as if to confirm what that fact suggested, there was a strange self-absorption in her whole manner, as she sat apparently unconscious of those around her, in the overwhelming pre-occupation of some starting and terrible thought. Like flashes of searing lightning flashed through his brain a series of questions in short, abrupt sentences, whose fatal radiance seemed only to deepen the subsequent gloom.

"Was it she whom I heard outside the door? Did she see me reload the pistol? Did she see the paper in my hand which I destroyed? Did she find the coat, and then become sure of all? Is she waiting even now to speak, but hesitating?"

A moment after Sleuth said, with a wonderful smile on his face of gentle suggestion, that yet didn't at all feel sure the course proposed was right:

"Wouldn't it be well to go a little more regularly into the matter while we are about it—say from the beginning? Here's this lad: he gave the first warning, and seems to have been hanging about the place all night."

The doctor approved the idea, and began; but as it proceeded Mr. Stamp noticed, without, however, attributing much importance to the matter, that Sleuth took the water-bottle from the table, held it up as if to be sure it was empty, and then quietly went out, as if to refill it. Phillis noticed it too, and instantly her face changed. She half rose, but sat down again, hesitatingly; then, with a whispered word to the housekeeper, went out too, but at a different door, saying to her relative, as to be overheard:

"I must see to things for a few minutes; I'll be back directly."

Mr. Stamp noticed that incident also, and could not help connecting the two departures together and having odd fancies. But he was a man of sense and practical experience of life, and soon

dismissed ideas that hardly accorded with either sense or experience, he thought. Then he listened to the examination of the vagrant.

Esau was engrossed by the contemplation of a fat, befrilled little boy, worked in colored wools, on a fire-screen, and took no notice of the doctor's first summons; and the doctor, rapping on the table with the gold edge of his spectacles, said, more loudly:

"Do you hear, sir? You may step forward."

Esau started and stared round at the doctor, still not exactly understanding him. He rather thought he had received a hint to go, and looked dubiously towards the door, but not feeling sure where it might lead him, stared back again at the doctor.

"Hem!" exclaimed the doctor, leaning back in chair. "Is that boy deaf?"

"No I ain't," answered Esau, promptly, and with rising color.

"Then step forward!" said the doctor, with emphasis, and regarding him severely.

"Well, I'm ready, ain't I?" retorted Esau. "I don't want to step, do I? But I shud think as some on yer might show me the way."

"Hem!" observed the doctor. "I don't like the look of this. There's more than we think of in that boy. I declare, he's trying to escape! Detain him, Mr. Stamp; detain him, if you please."

"Poor little fellow! he didn't understand," said Miss Pompey, crossing the room and laying her hand on Esau's shoulder. "There now, look here; you've only got to stand at this table, and answer what my father says to you."

"What did he tell me to look it for, then?" muttered Esau, gently shifting his shoulder from under the delicately gloved hand, "and then made that row when I was a goin'?"

The doctor settled his double chin solemnly in his white cravat, looking at Esau all the time steadfastly, cleared his throat with a slow deliberation and occasional pause, as if his every "hem!" was of more importance than any other person's brightest eloquence, adjusted his gold spectacles, shook his head to feel that they were firm, brushed off a geranium petal that had fallen from the brilliant bouquet in his button-hole, laid one plump white hand on the table, laid the other plump white hand slowly over it, and said:

"Well, boy?"

Esau stared at him.

"Begin," said the doctor.

"What, sir?" asked Esau, simply.

"Give your evidence, sir."

"What's that, sir, if you please, sir?"

"Good gracious, what shocking ignorance!" exclaimed the doctor. "What parish do you belong to, my poor boy?"

"I don't belong to no parish?" answered Esau.

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"I gets my own living, and never has a farthin' from no parish."

"Hem! There's something suspicious about this boy," said the doctor. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if he isn't concerned in the robbery, after all. I shall question him closely. Do you observe, Mr. Stamp, how his color changes? Now, boy, look at me, and give your evidence." Esau's face was, indeed, nearly crimson, and his bright eyes flashing angrily.

"I didn't help in the robbery," he answered, "come, now; and I never took yer what-ye-may-call-'em that you're a arterin' me to give up—never laid a finger on 'em."

Esau turned his ragged empty pockets out before the doctor, and as he held them out conspicuously with his dirty fingers he happened to catch a glimpse of Anthony and Miss Pompey, and something in their faces caused a mischievous twinkle to take the place of the angry flash in his eye.

"My poor boy," said the doctor, with benevolent patience, "this is truly shocking; but come, let us see if we cannot understand one another."

And the doctor expanded his chest and spoke loudly, with a sort of noble defiance in his voice and eye, as if saying—"Absurd as you may think it, I, Doctor John Pompey, am going to stoop and allow this little vagabond to understand me."

"Hem! What is your name, boy?"

"Esau, if you please, sir."

"Esau, eh? Well, Esau, what took you into the alderman's garden the other night?"

"Nothing, please, sir."

"Nothing?"

"No, sir; I clumb the wall."

"Well, yes, I understand. You climbed the wall. And now, what did you want there, Esau? What were you doing?"

"I was a lookin' after the thieves, sir," answered Esau, with an air of perfect innocence.

"Looking after the thieves!" repeated the doctor, glancing round triumphantly, as if to say, "You see, my clear questioning can penetrate even this dark soul, and draw some light from it."

"Very good, my boy—very good. Now just give your version of the story. Speak up, and don't be afraid. Come, now, tell me all about it."

"Yes, sir; then I give warnin' two times, sir, and none on yer took no notice; and that's all, sir."

The doctor gazed around the room severely.

"The boy is giving important evidence now," he remarked to Mr. Stamp. "You hear; he gave warning twice, and nobody took any notice. This looks suspicious. I am very glad I questioned him myself—very glad. Well, my boy, try and be a little more minute, will you? There were two of the rascals, were there not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you describe them?"

"What, sir?"

"Can you tell me what they were like?"

"Not both on 'em, sir."

"Ha! Not both of them, eh? Well, one of them. Go on, my boy."

"The stout 'un, sir?"

"Yes, my boy—go on—don't be afraid. The stout one, you say, was like—was like—"

"You, sir."

The doctor's double chin began to rise slowly over his collar, and the bouquet in his button-hole became agitated.

"Like—me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please, sir."

The doctor glared at Esau, and Esau's unflinching, innocent, cunning eyes never moved from the doctor's face. Mr. Stamp sat grimly biting his quill pen, several of the servants were seized with a coughing fit, Anthony and Clarissa had turned their backs.

"Hem! Mr. Stamp," said the doctor, turning slowly round to the lawyer, "this boy is incorrigible. His dense and shocking ignorance and depravity render his evidence perfectly worthless. You will oblige me by removing him."

Mr. Stamp being absorbed in one of the documents on the table, Esau remained standing where he was. The doctor felt this, and tried to avoid looking at him; but somehow, as he took up a pen and tried the nib on his thumb-nail, his eyes were drawn, by some strange fascination, to Esau's, and his cheeks burned to find the little vagabond still looking at him.

"Did you hear me tell you you could go, sir?" he said, plunging his pen anywhere but into the ink.

"Where, sir, if you please?"

"Anywhere, sir!" thundered the doctor.

"Thank you, sir," answered Esau; and making a dive under the table, and under the doctor's august legs, went tumbling down the conservatory steps, and there stopped, to see what else was going to happen.

The very instant Phillis found herself outside the dining-room she began to walk fast, then to run, and then to fly, with almost supernatural speed, through passages, up flights of stairs, then through more passages and up more stairs, till, panting and breathless, she reached the door of her own bedroom, and there, just as she had feared, stood Sleuth.

Whether he had been in and come out again, or was only just going in when interrupted by hearing her, she could not tell.

"Phillis!" he began.

But she swept past him into her own room, gave one rapid glance round, went to and touched the lid of her box, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she strove to calm herself and speak to the miserable man outside.

"Phillis," he said, catching at her hand and holding it against her will, "what means this? At a time so trying for me—I mean, when I am losing all—that is, when I shall lose all if I don't find this cursed codicil—how is it, Phillis, at such a time, you don't look at me, try and speak to me, or give me one comforting word?"

"Perhaps a comforting look from Miss Pompey would do," retorted Phillis, with heightening color, that convinced Sleuth she was not entirely playing a part in so speaking.

"Phillis, I mustn't stop. I must know what is passing below. What will they think if they learn of this meeting?"

"Yes, and here?" said Phillis, looking at the bedroom in a significant but by no means agreeable manner.

"I—I came here—"

"Thinking that I should follow you?" asked Phillis, with bitter irony.

"Phillis," cried Sleuth, stamping his foot with passion, "I have loved you—I want to love you still. If I ever get this wealth it shall be all poured into your lap. Why, then, madden me—I mean make me so angry by all sorts of—of fancies? I dare not stay one moment longer. Phillis, are we friends? May I feel there is one person in the world to whom I might trust everything, who would never fail me, if—if only she knew how deeply, how sincerely, how—how passionately I loved her, and loved the very ground she walked on?"

"Richard, Richard, Richard!" But Phillis could not go on. A sort of hysterical laughter stopped her.

"Phillis, darling, believe me—believe me! On my soul it is true! I never, in all my life, did so lean to anybody as to you now. I am very miserable—very, very!"

Phillis saw the tears starting to his eyes. It was too much. She suddenly clasped him in her arms, and kissed his forehead, saying:

"God forgive you, Richard, if you tell me falsely, or if you have done any—any wrong to-night."

"But I haven't! There! No more words. Let me get back first. I trust you, Phillis, in life or in death. Mind that."

And then Sleuth, still profoundly miserable that he had not learned what she knew (if she knew anything)—had not seen the coat, if really it was in her possession—but satisfied he had silenced her, went back with the water bottle replenished, and making a sort of general observation as he went in, that all the water-bottles in the bedrooms had been drunk dry, and he had to get it where he could.

Meantime, in his thoughts, the first inquiry was, "Have they been at the coat again?" He was answered by the very first remark he heard, which was from the lawyer.

"Well, the young rascal's evidence is clear enough, and I don't suppose there's any more to talk of, unless it be of that mysterious person in the coat. The housekeeper certainly saw some one, and she thought at first it was Mr. Sleuth."

"Dear me! I think—yes—really so it is! I wonder I never thought of it before," suddenly exclaimed Sleuth, his pale face growing quite radiant. "It's one of the burglars Mrs. Milton saw. To be sure it was! The man that came to the door of the dressing-room, the only one that was—that is, I and my poor dear uncle—saw, wore—yes—wore a light smock frock, or something of that kind. I think it was a smock frock," repeated Sleuth, remembering he might have told Anthony or the housekeeper so. "But at such a time in the night, Mrs. Milton might easily fancy it was a

light coat, like Mr. Anthony's. Besides, I wouldn't swear," said Sleuth, already familiarised in mind with things he knew he had to get through, "that it was a smock frock. Very probably it was a light loose coat after all, and so Mrs. Milton was right."

The lawyer looked grave. The two officers whispered to each other, in low, hoarse voices, so that Sleuth heard a part of what was said—"A rum thing this!" The doctor hemmed two or three times. Suspicion was visibly thickening like a dense atmosphere round Sleuth, though no one said—perhaps no one could have said—what particular thing or deed their suspicion pointed to. To his immense relief, Anthony now spoke with generous warmth.

"I can't, for the life of me, guess what all this means. But if it means that it is thought strange that somebody, at such a time, should go to the safe-room, and if it means that Dick Sleuth must have been the man disguised in my coat—"

"No, no!" interposed the lawyer.

"Oh, you don't mean that?" said Anthony. "I was going to show you he couldn't very well manage that. Well, I don't care what you or anybody mean, if you or anybody mean to say that either I or Dick Sleuth went to the safe-room with any unworthy motives. I say, I or Dick Sleuth. But, candidly, of the two, if anybody is really to be disbelieved, I think it is myself. You know I have such a coat, but my cousin hasn't—at least, I presume so—have you, Dick?"

Could Anthony have known how awful the question was, without knowing why it was so, he would have hesitated to have put it in such an assembly. Every instant Sleuth feared to see that coat appear, and be identified with him; but he did not seemingly hesitate a moment to answer:

"No, Anthony, I have no coat of the kind, as everybody here knows, said Sleuth, with a quiet smile.

"I must say," observed the housekeeper, "I have never seen Mr. Sleuth, during all the months he has been in the house, wearing anything of the kind."

"Of course," said Anthony, "it was—must have been—the burglar. Don't you think so, Mrs. Milton?"

That obstinate-minded old lady shook her head.

"For my part," said the lawyer, after a pause, "I should say that there would not be a doubt left on the matter, if—if it were not for the unfortunate—the very unfortunate—circumstance that Mr. Sleuth alone can speak to this particular burglar's dress, and so identify him with the man seen by Mrs. Milton. I suppose, Mr. Anthony, you did not see anything of the light frock or coat on one of the men in your pursuit?"

Anthony looked embarrassed for the moment, but smiled, as if with unbroken confidence, then said:

"On the contrary. I believe I must say I did get glimpses of both the men—or at least I fancy so—because one was a little shorter than the other, and both wore dark dresses."

This was, or seemed to be, fearful. But Sleuth smiled in his soul, for here he was right; the man had worn a dirty-white smock frock of some kind. So securing his opportunity—seeing that that fact would hereafter be made clear—he fastened upon it, and refusing to see danger in anything else just for the moment, he said aloud:

"Dr. Pompey, be so good as to hear me repeat that I am positive the burglar—that that shot and killed my uncle, wore something light, like a smock frock, or long shabby over-coat, of a similar color to Anthony's. I was too much excited, as you may suppose, to think much about the man's dress. Besides, I saw him only for an instant. Then the alderman fired; and then the—the—burglar fired back; yes, and then there was so much smoke, I couldn't see any more, hardly how to get to the window to run after him without feeling my way. That's the truth!"

"THAT'S THE TRUTH! I say, too," repeated Anthony, "because Dick Sleuth says it, and because I know he's a man of a thousand when it comes to the push, as it did to him last night when he sent for me to hasten my coming."

Whatever the audience generally thought of Anthony's assurances, they did not seem to satisfy the officers, who came to Mr. Stamp and said something in a low voice to him as to "clearing up about that coat before they went hunting for the burglars." Mr. Stamp listened, and looked uncomfortable, and then they all three talked in a low tone to the doctor, when suddenly light broke from an unexpected quarter.

Apparently Esau had been paying no attention to the talk since he had got over his own part in it; and Clarissa, pleased with the young vagabond's audacity in looking at her and smiling, as if to say, "I like your face!" had called him to her, and kept him by her side while she listened—listened with only imperfect interest, till Anthony roused her by his generous interposition; then, perceiving the importance of the matter, she said to her dirty-faced but bright-eyed companion:

"I suppose you don't know anything about a man running in and out of the house in a light coat—who wasn't a burglar? Or whether one of the rogues really did wear a light coat or smock frock?"

"Don't I, though?"

In an instant Clarissa said to her father:

"Papa, papa, this wonderful boy says he can tell you."

Esau waited for no more explanations from such an ignoramus! "Stand out o' the road, can't yer?" he snouted to her. Then striding into the centre, he said to the doctor—the "beak"—who embodied for him everybody present, in his portly person and magisterial grandeur—

"Here, kim along, all on yer!"

And away he went, instantly followed by everybody but the doctor, who, seeing the move, said to himself, as if in difficulty, "Of course the court can adjourn for the moment to the open air;" and then walked after them, almost with a blush on his face at the absurdity of the young vagabond's behavior to him.

As to Sleuth, he felt as a man who goes forth in the full after a fearful storm, looks up, cries "Clear at last!" and that instant feels his very brain crushed by a thunder-clap—instantaneous and terrific.

ANDY JOHNSON.

His Workshop and his Home.

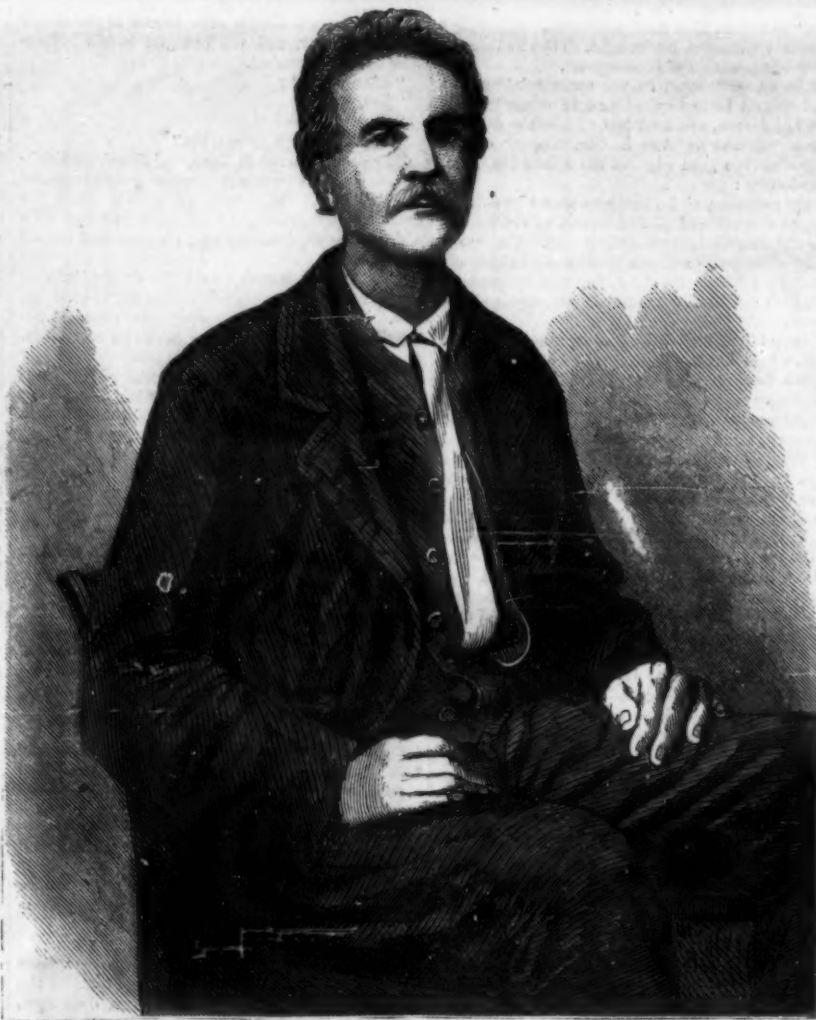
AMERICA has been fortunate in the various crises through which every great nation must pass in its way to supreme dominion, for that our republic is doomed to be the dominant empire of the approaching era, is apparent to all, even to those to whom the fact is most unwelcome.

Every fact connected with the life of President Andrew Johnson indicates the training he has undergone to fulfill his great mission. From infancy to boyhood and from boyhood to manhood, we find the same steady progress, and the same hardy strengthening of his moral and mental system. What a man was in the past cannot fail to be interesting to all, and we present several illustrations of the present ruler of our great Republic.

Greenville is a village in East Tennessee, and contains about 1,000 inhabitants. It consists of four squares, with streets running through at right angles. A recent visitor says:

"Greenville is especially noted and honored as being the home of Andrew Johnson, present President of the United States. This renders the village interesting to all, and everything connected with Andrew Johnson's residence in it is of the deepest interest to the American people. Many years ago, on a certain evening, a rude, black-headed, black-eyed, good-looking boy, said my informant, drove into town with a poor old horse in a little one-horse vehicle, in which he had his mother and a few household things. They succeeded in securing an humble habitation by rent. This secured, the next object was to secure labor by which to live. He began to inquire for tailoring to do. His youthful appearance made it seem to be somewhat of a risk to put cloth in his hands. His honest appearance, together with his anxiety to obtain work, however, induced an influential citizen to give him a coat to make for himself, with the advice to do his best on it, and if he made a good job of it he then would have no difficulty in getting work. He did his best, he succeeded with the job, and he began immediately to gain the confidence of the public and to get plenty to do.

"This was the first appearance of Andrew Johnson in Greenville, Tenn., and this was the first job of work he did on his own responsibility. The first house he lived in, I was told, is not now standing. He was industrious and attentive to business, and he succeeded well. In progress of time he was married. The marriage ceremony was performed by Mordecai Lincoln, Esq., said to be a distant relation of the late President Lincoln. The house in which he was married has been removed. At this time, my informant told me, Andrew Johnson could not read, and was taught to read by his wife after their marriage. Things prospered with him, and in due time he became able to own his own house and lot. Just down there at the base of this hill stands a small brick building, with a back porch, and around it the



CHAMP FERGUSON, THE NOTORIOUS GUERRILLA, NOW ON TRIAL AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. C. HUGHES, OF NASHVILLE.

and gooseberry bushes. At the lower end of the lot and just outside stand two large weeping willows, and under their shade is a very beautiful spring. This is the residence of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States."

Up the street stands his old tailor shop, which the correspondent of the N. Y. Herald thus describes:

"The place where the famous knight of the sword held forth was the next thing that attracted my curiosity, and so I went also to see that. 'A Johnson, Tailor,' painted in crude letters, on imitation of the original, said Eureka to me, and I stopped before the magic symbols, gazing intently on the little eight by ten frame building. It was plebeian in the extreme, built very much on the style of a farmer's smokehouse, of rough weather boarding, whitewashed. On either end the boards are torn off in places, and the chimney is crumbling to decay. An old negro, raised by President Johnson, and assuming his name, is the sole occupant of the building, and he is the successor in business of 'A Johnson, Tailor.' He says: 'Massa Johnson been in de trade de bos tailor in dese diggins.' President Johnson's first public office was Mayor of Greenville. I next visited the place where John Morgan was shot, which is a garden in the rear of Gen. Oruff's headquarters, in the centre of the city. It is now full of evergreens, fruit and vegetables, and an old gray-headed negro pulled aside the corn to show me where the noted guerrilla fell. He was making great endeavors to gain the house when a ball from the carbine of a soldier sent him to his 'last ditch.'"

LEAGUE ISLAND.

LEAGUE ISLAND, the terminus of Broad street, Philadelphia, is one of the sites now under consideration of the Navy Department for a rendezvous for war ships in time of peace. In view of the fact that Secretary Welles is now concentrating all the iron-clads of the navy in that vicinity, with the object of permanently "laying them up" in the fresh waters of the Delaware, the place assumes a great national importance.

Several years ago the corporation of the city of Philadelphia presented the entire island to the general Government, on condition that the great iron-clad Naval depot, the establishment of which was then under consideration, be located there. The project was warmly urged by Secretary Welles, but has not yet been definitely acted upon by Congress. Several committees were appointed which examined this, as well as the rival sites at New London and Chester, but were unable to agree as to their respective merits. Nearly 100 monitors and other iron-clads are now at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, in the "back channel," an arm of the Delaware, dividing the island from the main land—many of which will soon go out of commission.



THE FIRST HOUSE EVER OWNED BY PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AT GREENVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE. FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY MARSH & REIFF, OF GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.

necessary fixtures. It stands on the corner of the square, near where the mill race passes under the street, on its way down to the little mill.

"That is the first house ever Andrew Johnson owned. It now belongs to another person. But down there about due west from where I sit, and almost directly opposite the mill, whose large wheel is still moving, but whose motion is scarcely perceptible, you will see a rather humble, old-fashioned looking, two-story brick house, standing near the south end of Main street. It has but one entrance from the street. In front of it stand three or four small shade trees. The fences of the lot and windows of the house show evident signs of dilapidation, the consequence of rebellion and of rebel rule. Like many other windows of the South, a number of panes of glass are broken out and their places supplied with paper. Glass could not be obtained in the Confederacy.

"As you pass along the pavement on Main street, by looking into the lot you see several young apple trees, and in the spaces between them are potatoes growing. In the rear of the kitchen stands a small aspen shade-tree, and down there in the lower end of the lot is a grape-vine, trained upon a trellis, forming a pleasant bower. Scattered over the lot are a number of rows, current



THE RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT JOHNSON, AT GREENVILLE, EAST TENNESSEE.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE BY MARSH & REIFF, OF GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.

The law of youth is expansion; thus youth is but a series of regularly developing forces; manhood with experienced intellect and the discipline of life, establishes a meridional equilibrium. Each age has its passion; love of food reigns from infancy to puberty, amative-ness from 20 to 30, ambition from 30 to 50. After that appears avarice, heaping up money on the brink of the grave, and thus giving the last stroke to the force of life. Where is there any poetry in life, except in childhood, or courtship, or maternity; and does not reality soon shadow its paradisaical light? Fame—what benefit is it to have a million applauding, rather the reverse, as it tends to check achievement, or cause it to run into weakening excess; while, after death, it is but a perfume blown across a grave. Man is the slave of passion, the fool of reason, the victim of death, but his vanity carries him buoyantly on from the cradle to the winding-sheet. Men smile at what their acquaintances say and do under the influence of that motive, but the most ridiculous thing in the world is to see one man laughing at the vanity of another. Yet, though to the observer the most ridiculous of passions, man should be thankful for it, as the pleasurable counterpoise given him by God as a reward for his sufferings and labors.



ANDREW JOHNSON'S TAILOR SHOP, AT EAST GREENVILLE, EAST TENN.

CHARLES HERRMANN, The Prestidigitateur.

THIS celebrated necromancer was born in Hanover, in 1821, and is one of a family of seventeen children. His father, who was a man of considerable ability, was a proficient in parlor magic and legerdemain, and, when the subject of our memoir was quite a child, removed to Paris, where he supported himself by giving private entertainments in which his son Charles assisted. On one occasion, while performing at M. Carnat's academy, at Versailles, that gentleman was so much struck with the intelligence, beauty and vivacity of the juvenile artist, that he offered to admit him, free of charge, among his pupils, an offer which was promptly accepted by his parents. Here the young Herrmann remained two years, making wonderful progress in all his studies, but still retaining his boyish devotion to the paternal art. It was while at this academy that, happening to wander, with some of his fellow scholars, into the forest of Fontainebleau, he ascended a tree and commenced some of those bird warblings for which he is so remarkable. The family of Louis Philippe, happening to pass beneath the tree, were astonished to hear such beautiful sounds, but still more astonished when the bird itself, in the shape of young Herrmann, came tumbling from the tree into the midst of them. This led to an invitation from the royal party to visit them a few days after. After several years practice in Paris, the great Prestidigitateur commenced his grand tour by crossing over to England, where he gave over 400 entertainments, to immense audiences, in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, and, indeed, in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom. In 1850 he revisited his fatherland, where his success was almost magical. After visiting the principal German States he went to Italy, where the usual flattering reception awaited him. After another visit to Germany he went to St. Petersburg, where he remained a year, receiving many distinguishing marks of public approbation, among others, the Emperor Nicholas presented him with a costly gold repeater. Warsaw was next visited, and then Copenhagen and the Hague, after which he performed before Leopold in Brussels. Lisbon and Madrid were next visited by the enterprising magician. In the latter place he presented the proceeds of several exhibitions, 60,000 francs, for the benefit of the Spanish soldiers wounded in the war against Morocco.

From 1859 to 1865 Herrmann has visited Cuba, Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Monte Video, the United States, Turkey, Asia Minor, Egypt, England, and other places. The Sultan of Turkey was so much pleased that he conferred upon him the unusual honor of the Order of Merit.

In Havana he was presented, by the editors of that city, with a costly baton of solid gold.

Four years ago he made his debut at the Academy of Music, and the reception he met with was most flattering. He is now performing at the Academy of Music his farewell engagement, which there is every prospect of being brilliantly successful.

At the conclusion of his present engagement in this country, Professor Herrmann intends visiting some portions of Eastern Asia, including the Celestial Empire; he then intends returning to Europe, where he will take a final leave of the profession to which he owes his fame and fortune. We have not space to enumerate the various marks of public favor which he has received from crowned heads. Wherever he has traveled he has reaped a rich harvest of golden opinions, as well as dollars.

CHAMP FERGUSON.

THIS noted guerilla, the Mosby of the West, is now on trial in Nashville, Tenn., for the many horrible atrocities perpetrated by him during the war. It was this man who publicly boasted that he had, with his own hands, put to death 100 Union prisoners.



PROFESSOR HERRMANN, THE PRESTIDIGITATEUR, NOW PERFORMING AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.

Champ Ferguson appears to be about 40 years of age, or upwards. He stands erect, is fully six feet high, and weighs about 200 lb. He is built solid, and is evidently a man of great muscular strength. He has a full, round face, which is bright and intelligent looking. His large black eyes fairly glitter, and almost look through a person. His face is covered with a stiff black beard. His hair is jet black, very thick, and cut rather short. He brushes it back from his fine high forehead. He is certainly a very intelligent looking man, and nothing vicious is portrayed in his face. His countenance is, on the contrary, pleasing, and one would readily take him for an honest farmer as he appears. His face is begin-

ning to reveal the footprints of age, and wrinkles can be traced on his forehead and under his eyes. He dresses in shabby style. A pair of coarse gray homespun pants, and a faded gray rebel uniform coat, over which he wears a very old and greasy black heavy cloth coat, a coarse factory shirt, and a faded black slouch hat, with good heavy boots, completes his attire. His voice is firm, and it is evident that he is a man of iron nerve.

If brooks are, as poets call them, the most joyous things in nature, what are they always "murmuring" about?

whom he had been lodged. There was a sepoy sentry near the door, and on the supposed defunct beating against it with all his might, in desperate anxiety to get out, the sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded, "Who comes there?" The clamor for liberation being renewed, the sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door; and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."

RELICS OF THE KING OF POTTERS.—A most remarkable and unexpected discovery has just been

SIDON AND TYRE.

No description can do justice to the squalor and filth of the streets of Sidon on a wet day. All of them are more than half arched over and very dark—so narrow that two asses cannot pass—with a gutter a foot deep running down the centre. Where not arched, a rotten screen of sticks, overlaid here and there with pieces of ragged matting and wattles, adds to the deplorable appearance of the place. Coppermiths seemed the most thriving, as well as the noisiest of the artisans, while, like every one else, they sat in their open shops, hammering away on the ground. We turned up a blind entry, and then mounted a flight of steps in the corner, at the top of which a door ajar led to a courtyard, clean and tidy, on the roof of the dungeons below.

The port, when compared with the harbors of classic Greece, must have been a spacious one, and was perhaps enlarged by an artificial mole, of which, though not noticed by any writer, we thought we could decry the traces. In many places the old reef has been quarried out till the sea makes a clean breach into the harbor, but this has probably been the work of later times. The jagged, fretted rocks in the sea are full of carved doorways, huge stones of old arches, with many of the holes still visible where the stanchions of gates had been fitted, and strewn with masses of undecipherable masonry. We were struck by the Cyclopean character of the work—immense stones let in to form the edges of the ancient quays, by the sides of which, among and on these ancient rocks, must have been the warehouses of Sidon. The masses of broken columns on all sides form a breastwork against the action of the sea below; but these remains are so perforated and honeycombed by the water and by the boring shells (*pholades*) that it is impossible to make out their style. Time, man, and, above all, the incessant dashing of the waves, have so honeycombed rocks, stonework and columns alike, that no clear plan of the style of building can be ascertained. Such is the harbor of Sidon, the cradle of the world's commerce, the mother of Tyre.

Sidon in the rain is wretched enough, but what is that to Tyre in the dry? The filth and squalor of the little city surpass even that of a Tunisian town. Scanty bazaars, about five feet wide, wadded over at intervals by decayed sticks and palm leaves; the street never less than ankle—often a foot—deep in putrid mud; dilapidated, windowless hovels, raised among huge fragments of polished granite and porphyry columns, prostrate in rubbish—such is modern Tyre. Through these we picked our steps to the shore, where a few fishing-boats form the navy of her "whose merchants were princes." We ascended to the higher part of the promontory, and from the ruined walls looked down on the wondrous fulfillment of prophecy. For half a mile the sea flows to the depth of a foot or two over flat rocks, covered by one mass of broken columns, leaning or prostrate in bewildering confusion, as if pitched pell-mell into the water. This is insular Tyre; "the waters have covered her." She is "a place for fishermen to spread their nets on."—*Tristram's Palestine.*

DURING the prevalence of the cholera in India, a soldier had been carried to the deadhouse who had only swooned, and on recovering himself was naturally very anxious to get away from the unpleasant companions with whom he had been lodged. There was a sepoy sentry near the door, and on the supposed defunct beating against it with all his might, in desperate anxiety to get out, the sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded, "Who comes there?" The clamor for liberation being renewed, the sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door; and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."



LEAGUE ISLAND, AT THE TERMINUS OF BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHRELL.

made under the gallery of the Louvre, in the Place du Carrousel, where it is being rebuilt. It is one of the ovens in which Bernard de Palissy baked his *céglés d'œuvre*. Several moulds of faces, plants, animals, &c., have been dug up in an excellent state of preservation, and also some fragments of plates, &c., bearing the well-known stamp of that King of Pottery. One of the moulds represents the bust of a kind of monster, whose eyes, cheeks, lips, &c., are all formed of shells. Now in an autograph MS. of Bernard, discovered at La Rochelle a few years back, mention is made of a formal proposal of his to build a grotto for Catherine de Medicis in the Tuilleries, to be adorned with fantastic figures. It was here, therefore, that Maître Bernard des Tuilleries, as he is called on the cover of a copy of his admirable book, dated 1563, and preserved in the Imperial Library, lived and worked before he was cast in 1590 into the Bastille on account of his religious opinions, after having miraculously escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew's eve. According to the Abbé de Lestolle, his contemporary, he died in misery in that far-famed but mute witness of the crimes of the French Monarchy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

EVERY man wishes to have his own individual farm or lot; but the graveyard is the common lot.

MEN often attempt, by the light of reason, to discover the mystery of eternity. They might as well hold up a candle to see the stars.

ALL should marry. Every I should have a second I. We pity a person with but one eye. He can see but half the things going on in the world.

In a certain parish on the Borders, not long since, an old clergyman, who had got a strong-lunged helper, observed that one of his hearers was becoming rather irregular in his attendance at church. Of course the divine felt it his duty to visit the backslider, and he accordingly went to the house, but the godman was not in. He inquired of the wife why John was so seldom at church now.

"Oh!" she replied, without the least hesitation, "that young man y'e've got roars so loud that John canna sleep as comfortable as he did when preaching yemel, sae peaceably."

MAN travels to expand his ideas; but woman, judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her, travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

THAT miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the army, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the officer to "Advance," by positively refusing to do so unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

A LADY on one occasion traveling in a railway carriage, was much annoyed by a Cockney companion continually embellishing his conversation with "This ere," and "That air." A few moments afterwards, she quietly requested him to close the window, remarking: "This car is affected by that air."

THE following is a specimen of Western eloquence:

"Where is Europe, compared with America? Nowhere! Where is England? Nowhere! They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi makes it, and all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English navy will be foundering in the mud!"

A YOUNG lady who let her lids drop on being spoken to tenderly by a young gentleman is anxious to recover them, and offers a handsome reward for their restoration. A nautical gentleman of her acquaintance assures her that they could not have been properly lashed or they would not have been lost.

SUPPOSING the ornithological emblem of the United States was taken sick, why would it be contrary to law?

Because it would be *ill eagle* (illegal).

"STEEL your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls."

"I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

OUR youthful joker tells us that a Miss Buchanan once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said:

"Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

THE man who "carries everything before him," The waiter.

HAIR that ought to flow in natural waves.—The locks of a canal.

"I've heard, captain," said an English traveler to the captain of a steamer, running on the Upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very shoal water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep!"

"Two or three feet deep!" exclaimed the captain, in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a— for a boat out here that couldn't run on the sweat of a water-pitcher!"

A MAN coming home one night rather late, a little more than "half seas over," feeling thirsty, procured a glass of water and drank it. In doing so he swallowed a small ball of silk that lay in the bottom of the tumbler, the end of the thread catching in his teeth. Feeling something in his mouth, and not knowing what it was, he began to pull at the end, and the little ball unwinding, he soon had several yards of thread in his hand, and still no end, apparently. Terrified, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Wife! wife! I say, wife, come here! I am all unraveling."

A VERY loquacious lady offered to bet her husband \$50 she would not speak a word for a week.

"Done," cried the delighted husband, instantly putting down the money, which the lady as soon took up and put in her pocket, observing, naively, that she would secure it until the bet was decided.

"Why," said her husband, "I've won it already," and required her to fork over.

"Not at all," said the lady, "you are mistaken in the time—I mean the week after I am buried."

The lady went shopping the same afternoon.

TAKING OF INDIFFERENT HUSBANDS.—A little man asking how it happened that many beautiful ladies took up with but indifferent husbands, after many fine offers, was thus aply answered by a country maiden: "A young friend of mine, darning a sock, requested her to go into a delightful cane-brake, and there get him the handsomest reed; she must get it at once going through, without turning. She went, and coming out, brought him a poor reed. When he asked if that was the handsomest one she saw, 'Oh, no,' replied she, 'I saw many finer as I went along, but I kept on, in hopes of a much better, until I had gotten nearly through, and then was obliged to select the best that was left.'

A PROMPT REPLY.—On a Sabbath evening very recently, a minister from a distance was officiating in a well-known church in Belfast. A stranger, who had gone in with the crowd, and who sat near the preacher, appeared not to be captivated by his eloquence, for he frequently pulled out his watch as if measuring the time for his departure. Just as he was in the act of examining his timepiece for the fourth or fifth time, the pastor, with great earnestness, was urging the truth upon the consciences of his hearers. "Young man," said he, "how is it with you?" whereupon the young

man with the gold repeater bawled out, in hearing of nearly the whole congregation, "A quarter past eight." As may be supposed, the gravity of the assembly was very much disturbed for a time.

LAW.

An upper mill and a lower mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went—that is, to law,
Resolving to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended,
When fees grew slack, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without a bother;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

THIN SHOES.—Caligula once wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow. Had we the power of Caligula, we would exert it in a way more beneficial to mankind, or rather womankind. We would forbid, under a heavy penalty, any female appearing out of doors in thin shoes. Such is the influence of fashion, that for the sake of having, or appearing to have, a small foot, a lady will promenade the streets when the sidewalks are covered with ice, snow, and water, and her own feet barely covered with shoes thinner than paper. No wonder that consumption is the lot, the untimely lot, of so many of the young, the beautiful, and accomplished of the fair; no wonder that, clad so lightly, they are unable to withstand the inclemencies of climate against which the stoutest constitutions are not proof. Nature clothes the brute creation in garments suited to the season, but art dresses our ladies on a system diametrically opposite. Surely if the latter could examine the bills of mortality, and see how many of their number are the victims of fashion, they would be startled, if not admonished, by the fact.

JOSEPH'S WELL.—My next journey was from Damascus through the mountains of Arabia Petraea and the desert of El Ty to Cairo, which route I preferred to the usual one by Jerusalem and Gaza, that I might visit the little known districts to the east of the Dead and Red Seas. Near Seidat is shown the well into which Joseph was let down by his brothers; it is in a small courtyard by the side of the Khan, is about three feet in diameter, and at least thirty feet deep. I was told that the bottom is hewn in the rock; its sides were well lined with masonry as far as I could see into it, and the water never dries up, a circumstance which makes it difficult to believe that this was the well into which Joseph was thrown. The whole of the mountain in the vicinity is covered with large pieces of black stone, but the main body of the rock is calcareous. The country people relate that the tears of Jacob dropping upon the ground while he was in search of his son, turned the white stones black, and they in consequence call these stones Jacob's tears. Joseph's well is held in veneration by Turks as well as Christians; the former have a small chapel just by it, and caravan travelers seldom pass here without saying a few prayers in honor of Yousuf.

TIME.—Time is the most undefinable, yet paradoxical of things; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it; and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is in itself unmeasurable; and the grand discoverer of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limits; and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger; and advances like, the lowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house. It is the transient and deceitful fastener of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that hath made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that hath made it his enemy will have little to hope from his friends.

THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and backward through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg slurred to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

SOAP SUDS FOR GARDENS.—Soap suds, although generally deemed only fit for being run off into the common sewer in the easiest and most expeditious manner possible, are nevertheless highly beneficial vegetable stimulants, as well as useful insect preventatives. Hence they should never be wasted, more especially by part-s having gardens, or even washing greens, as their application to the ground, whether in winter or summer, will show beneficially not only on ordinary vegetable crops, but also on berry bushes, shrubs, and even window-pot plants; while if poured or syringed over roses, cabbages, &c. they will prevent, or at least mitigate, the mischief-doings of greenfly and caterpillars.

GLANCES.—Perhaps the short hasty glances cast up any day in the midst of business in a dense city at the heavens, or a bit of tree seen amid the buildings—glances which partake almost more of a sigh than a look—have in them more of intense appreciation of the beauties of Nature than all that has been felt by an equal number of sight-seers enjoying large opportunities of sight-seeing, and all their time to themselves. Like a prayer offered up in everyday life, these short, fond glances of nature have something inconceivably beautiful in them.

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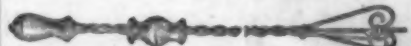
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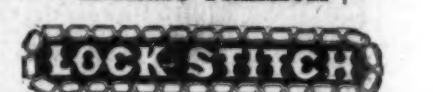
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